NEW YORK CLIPPER

DESIGNED BY QUEEN

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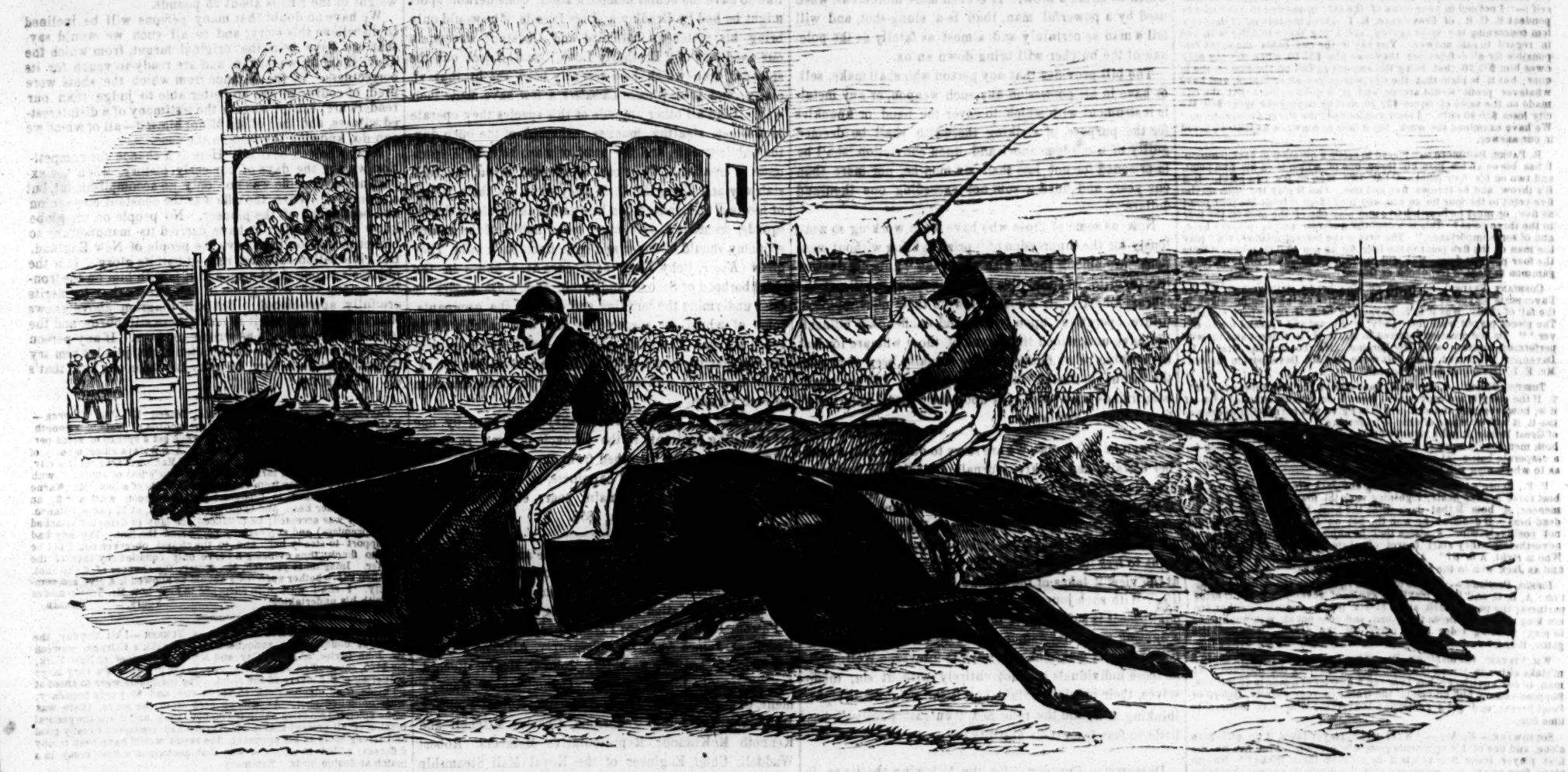


THE FINISH.—MATCH RACE FOR THE AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

In the commencement of July, 1857, a match was agreed upon between these two celebrated animals, to be run according to the following articles:

MATCH FOR £1000 A SIDE.

VICTORIA VERSUS NEW SOUTH WALES.

Articles:

Victoria hereby agrees to run a Victorian-bred horse or mare against a New South Wales horse or mare, three miles over the Melbourne race-course; V.T.C., weight for age, on the following conditions, viz.:

1. That the match be for £1000 (one thousand pounds) a side.

2. That Victoria allow £250 (two hundred and fifty pounds) for the expenses of New South Wales, being £500 to £250 as a first deposit to "bind" the match.

3. That each party name the horse or mare intended to start, between the hours of eight and nine P. M., of Wednesday, September 23d, 1857, at Tattersall's, Lonsdale-street, Melbourne, and then and there make good the stakes.

4. That either party declining to name at the above date and place, shall forfeit the above-named deposit. Also, if the stakes be not made good, to forfeit the said deposit.

5. That the match be run between the hours of one and four P. M., of Saturday, October 3d, 1857.

6. That either party not bringing their horse or mare to the post within the time above specified, shall forfeit the match.

7. That the match be run under the rules of the Victoria Turf Club.

8. That Mr. William Lyall, or whom he may appoint, be the final stakeholder.

9. That the judge be mutually agreed upon on the evening of naming the horses, and making good the stakes.

10. That Mr. George Watson do represent and act on the part of Victoria.

This match came off on the appointed day, October 3d, and was won without an effort by Veno, who was never asked to race. Time, 6 min. 12 sec. So little distressed indeed was Veno, that two hours after defeating Alice Hawthorn, he beat Van Tromp in a match, 3 miles, 10st. 11lb. each, in 6 min. 5 sec.

Our engraving gives an accurate representation of the finish of this race, with the stands, tents, and great concourse of spectators from all sections of the country.

AN ACTOR'S LIFE.

THE ORIGINAL REPRESENTATIVE OF ROBERT MACAIRE.

EVERY American who has ever been to Paris has heard of Frederic Lemaitre, the greatest modern melodramatic actor; the man who created a character that became afterwards in Paris a political institution—Robert Macaire.

Frederic Lemaitre was born at Havre, in July, 1800, and was the son of an architect. His father, observing in him a taste for elocution, took him to Paris, in 1819, to study at the Conservatoire, where he created in the examiner a profound conviction of his future success. At this time he was eighteen years old, and handsome as the Bythynian Antinous. His figure was tall and elegant, his hair black and flowing, and his expressive features full of poetry and inspiration.

His studies being completed, the next thing was to obtain an appearance. The Odeon closed its gates upon him, in spite of the interference of Talma, who foresaw the dawning genius of the actor. After having exhausted all quarters, the young man, in despair, signed an engagement with the Varietes-Amusantes, a fourth-class theatre. Here he made his first appearance on four feet. He played the lion in a piece called Pyramus and Thisbe.

He soon rose, however, and passed into more important roles, going from theatre to theatre for some years. It was not, however, until 1823 that he made his mark. He played in a piece called *L'Auberge des Adrets*. It was in this drama that the immortal Robert Macaire, who is known to all the world, made his first appearance on the scene.

The first night the piece was hissed to death. At the rehearsals, every one had declared that the part of Macaire was absurd—that the public would never accept so grotesque a conception. The event justified the prophecy.

Frederic, in despair, spent the following morning in promenading the Boulevards, trying to think of some means of saving the piece, when, during his walk, he suddenly saw a singular looking man stop before the stall of a muffin-seller. This person was attired in the most indescribable garments, which, nevertheless, had a certain air of by-gone elegance. They seemed to have left their former splendor in the gutters in which they had been lying. Misery and debauchery were visible in every rent and stain: yet he who wore them seemed to have lost none of his audicious bearing, or self-satisfied air.

His boots were moist, and gashed, and honeycombed with age. He carried a shapeless hat, cocked on one side of his head; and, as he ate a piece of muffin worth a sou, he carried the morsels to his mouth with all the airs of a regular epicure.

When he had concluded his meal, he drew a filthy rag from his pocket, carefully wiped his hands, dusted his wretched costume and tranquilly continued his promenade on the Boulevard.

"There's my man," cried Frederic. "I have it."

Robert Macaire was found.

That evening he appeared on the stage in the identical costume, down to the pocket handkerchief, which had been worn by the man of the Boulevard. He imitated the manners of this ragged dandy—his grotesque calmness, his villainous dignity, his sublime coolness—and the play obtained a success that made it immortal.

Lemaitre, with all his genius, was one of the most dissipated men in Paris. He spent money like a Roman emperor, and adopted the most singular means of obtaining from the manager of the theatre the necessary supplies When the time came for his appearance on the stage, and the curtain was about to rise, Lemaitre would be found to be missing. Messengers would be despatched everywhere, until at last he would be found in some restaurant close by, finishing the remains of a magnificent dinner.

"Monsieur Frederic, the curtain is about to go up," the breathless messenger would cry.

"I am sorry," Frederic would calmly answer; "but I cannot stir. I owe a hundred francs for my dinner here, and have no money. They will keep me in pawn unless M. Harel (the manager) will send the money.

Poor Harel always had to send the money. Lemaitre was a public pet, and knew his power.

One day he went into the *Cafe de Malte*, to breakfast. When he had finished, they brought him his bill. He rose, threw ten francs on the counter, and was going out.

"But the bill is ten francs, fifty centimes," said the proprietor.

"Very good!" said Frederic, "the fifty centimes are for the waiter."

During the winter of 1836, he was skating on the basin of the Luxembourg. A large crowd had gathered to witness the grace and elegance of his movements. While he was engaged in executing a very difficult figure, an old woman on the bank cried as he was passing—

"Halloo! Monsieur Frederic; I want my fifteen francs. Have you forgotten my fifteen francs?"

The actor stopped.

He saw his old landlady of the Quartier Latin, in whose house he had lived during his first engagement at the Odeon.

"Your fifteen francs, madame! You are a very singular person," he replied, with imperturbable calmness. "Under my bed, in my room, you will find an old trunk. In that trunk an old ring. That ring cost me thirty-six francs, madame! You will owe me a louis, for which I will send to you when convenient. Good morning!"

And, executing a flourish on the ice, he sailed off, delighted at having had on opportunity of playing Robert Macaire in broad daylight.

One day when he was seated in Manager Harel's office, a young gentleman entered, carrying under his arm a roll of manuscript. Seeing Frederic, he was about to retire, when Harel said:—

"Do not go, sir. You can speak before this gentleman—he belongs to the establishment. You bring me a play?"

"Yes," answered the young man.

"Are you alone, or have you collaborators?"

"I am alone."

"Then you are known as an author?"

"Not at all. This is my first piece."

"That's bad," muttered the manager, taking a side glance at the young man's rich and elegant toilet. "Of course you know the conditions on which we receive maiden plays. It is necessary for us that the receipts of the house should always be above the expenses."

"I know that, sir."

"We are obliged, in justice to ourselves, to refuse all authors, who have not succeeded at least once before the public, unless they guarantee the expenses occasioned in getting up the piece."

"I am willing to do that, sir."

"Then we can talk. Is your piece in five acts?"

"In three, sir."

"So much the worse. Five acts would have cost you no more."

The dialogue continued in this way until the young author had signed a guarantee to Harel of ten thousand francs. Harel was a perfect Jew in money relations.

Lemaitre remained perfectly silent, until the affair was concluded, and the manager was conducting his victim to the door. Then he rose, and, touching Harel on the shoulder, said:

"Why do you let this gentleman depart? He has still a watch!"

Lemaitre was such a privileged favorite, that he took unwarrantable liberties with the public. He talked to them familiarly in the most serious scenes. He came on the stage drunk. On one occasion, for a wager, he flung his wig into the parquette. He could not bear that any actor should be applauded but himself; and, on one evening, when he played the part of a father carrying the corpse of his son, the actor playing the son feigned death so admirably that he obtained several rounds of applause. Frederic was furious. He pinched his son, but his son did not move. His immobility was magnificent. He let him fall, but the body thumped on the floor with all the weight of a real corpse. The applause increased. Frederic was foaming at the mouth. The whole of that night he lay awake trying to invent some means of making his brother actor move, and so destroy the effect of so admirable a counterfeit of death. The next evening he provided himself with a feather, and, in the same scene, while the public were enraptured with the excellence of the man who played the corpse, Frederic gently tickled the soles of his feet. The corpse burst into a convulsive laugh. The public laughed, also, and Frederic was satisfied—he had all the applause to himself.

In spite of his vagabond, dissipated life, Lemaitre, after having gained the greatest triumphs ever achieved by a French actor, has settled down into a respectable man. The *Chiffonnier de Paris*—the *Paillasse*—the Robert Macaire of the French stage—is now an old gentleman with a bank account and regular habits; a change remarkable for him who used to have a case of wine under the seat of his carriage, and was known to finish it during a short drive.

GETTING TO A FIGHT.—In the hearing of an Irish case for an assault and battery, a counsel, while cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped at?

"Four glasses of ale."

"What next?"

"Two glasses of whiskey."

"What next?"

"One glass of brandy."

"What next?"

"A fight."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1858.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BUFFALONIAN, Buffalo.—"You are well aware that it is the invariable practice among the members of the London Pugilistic Association, in the event of a fight, for the winning man to collect a subscription among the company present for his unsuccessful opponent, and to which he always contributes liberally himself. This is a praiseworthy custom, as the bitterness of defeat is thus lessened to a certain extent. I beg to call your attention to a circumstance which, I think, if my informant can be relied upon, shows that this usual act of kindness and courtesy to the vanquished was entirely neglected. I was present at the fight between Joe Coburn and Harry Gribbin in November last, in Canada, about ten miles from this place, where the former proved conqueror. I was rather surprised that Coburn did not at once proceed to raise a subscription among the spectators present for the losing man, and which, from my intimate acquaintance with many of the gentlemen present, would have been liberally responded to. This was not done, but I was informed that it would doubtless be carried into effect that night after arriving at Buffalo. I was in company with both the winning and losing men that evening, at the hotels of Mr. Rowe and Mr. Marshall, and I never heard the subject mooted, and as an outsider and merely an admirer of the pugilistic art, I did not think it right to introduce the question myself. However, on speaking to a friend of the Coburn party later on the same evening, I was assured that Mr. Hughes, the backer of Coburn, had generously presented Harry Gribbin with $30. As this was certainly a very handsome gratuity from one person, I thought no more of the matter, until, in conversation here a short time since, the subject was mentioned, and some severe strictures made upon Coburn and his party. I then stated that, so far from nothing having been done for Gribbin, the backer of the winner had presented him with $30 himself. This was positively contradicted by a friend of Gribbin's, who said that it was merely a loan to enable the latter to reach New York, and that every cent of it had been repaid Hughes, as well as Harry's share of the ring expenses. Will you please inform us of the true state of affairs, and whether I am right in my information or not; it will also decide a fruitful source of dispute here. For my own part I can hardly believe that either Hughes or Coburn can have acted in so unhandsome (to apply the mildest term to it) a manner to the losing man." We were under the impression all along that Mr. Hughes had made Mr Gribbin a present of $30, but on receiving the above letter we made enquiries of Mr. Gribbin concerning the disputed point, and that gentleman says that he received $30 from Mr. Hughes, but that it was merely a loan, every cent of which has since been repaid. Mr. Gribbin also informs us that his share of the ring expenses, $12½, has likewise been handed over. He furthermore states that he has not received one cent from either the winner or his friends, or from any other source.

C., Lowell, Mass.—As this correspondent differs with us regarding our solution of the liquor agency problem, we let him speak for himself:—"I noticed in your issue of the 6th, in answer to your correspondent R. C. R., of Providence, R. I., about the solving of the problem concerning the liquor agency, and I beg leave to differ with you in regard to said answer. You say if the city holds the agent responsible for all deficiencies, they owe him $32 50, when the city only owes him $32 20, that being the amount gained on the sale of the liquor; but it is plain that the city was to pay all expenses, and have whatever profit would accrue, and it is quite evident that the city made on the sales of liquor $32 20, and by paying the agent $69, the city loses $36 80 only. I send you inclosed the work of the problem." We have examined the work, but it fails to convince us that we erred in our answer.

R. PARKS, Baltimore.—"Please to settle a question in backgammon. B has borne all his men but three, one of which is on his five point, and two on his four point. C has two men on B's two point. It is B's throw, and he throws five and one. Can B play the man on the five point to the four for an ace, and then bear it from the four point as five; or must he bear his five and play one of the men on the four to the three point? This is a doubtful question among players here, and of some importance." The first is the correct method, viz.: play the man on the five point to the four, for an ace, and then bear it from the four point as five. You will find an excellent treatise on backgammon in Bohn's Handbook of Games.

CONSTANT READER.—"Please decide a bet by stating which of the Davenports played at the Broadway Theatre on the opening night, in the fall of 1856. Was it E. L. Davenport, or A. H. Davenport, or both? The pieces played were the 'Lady of Lyons' and 'Roland for an Oliver.'" On the occasion referred to Mr. A. H. Davenport and his wife performed, together with Mr. Loraine. Mr. Loraine and Mrs. A. H. Davenport performed in the first piece, and Mr. Davenport in the last. Mr. E. L. Davenport did not appear.

THESPIS, Boston.—1. Dr. E. K. Kane died on the 16th February, 1857. 2. If the story is not copyrighted, there is no penalty attached to it—if it is, however, and the author will not give you permission to dramatise it, it will be waste of time to undertake it. 3. The Prince Consort of Great Britain is not a relative of the present king of Prussia. 4. If both men should come to the ring in good condition, we may look for a desperate battle—at present we are not prepared to give an opinion as to which man will prove the victor.

P. P., Rouse's Point.—"Lightning and Jack are matched to trot the best three in five heats; Lightning wins the first heat—betting commences; A bets B that Jack wins the next heat—they trot; it is a dead heat. B declares he won the bet on the ground that Jack did not positively win. A states that is unjust; the money is given up nevertheless—they start to trot off their dead heat, and Jack wins. Who is right, A or B?" A is correct—the dead heat goes for nothing; and as Jack won in the heat trotted over, A wins.

DRIGGO, Portland.—"Please to set me right upon the following question: A, B, C, and D are playing a game of seven-up, A and C being partners; the parties each stand at six points; A deals—neither ace nor king are out—C holds the queen, and does not show it, but agrees to play; B, being elder hand, plays out the deuce. Who wins the game, B or C?" C wins—the queen, being high, scoring before low.

WM. STEVENS, Germantown, Pa.—Your friend has doubtless made a mistake either in timing the race, or in measuring the distance. No man, to our knowledge, has ever run a quarter of a mile in 44 seconds. Suppose you try him on one of the tracks in your vicinity, Oxford or Point Breeze, and get a gentleman conversant with such matters, to time him.

SOUTHWARK.—*Euchre.*—"Where one player takes it up, and goes alone, and one of his opponents goes alone against him, can he, the first player, score four points if he secures three tricks?" No—to score four points, it is necessary that the whole five tricks should be made.

ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA.—1. There were three different Secretaries of State during the eight years' administration of Washington—these were Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Randolph, and Timothy Pickering. 2. Aaron Burr was Vice President during the first term of Jefferson's administration.

ROBERT RUTHERFORD, Albany.—Our friend must be a stranger to the CLIPPER, or he would have seen his question frequently answered in this department. Flora Temple has made the quickest time in trotting a mile, viz: two minutes, twenty-four and a half seconds.

HANOVER STREET, Boston.—1. We have never seen a copy of "Nash on Cocking." We know of no such work published in this country. 2. We have understood that he is in the burnt cork business, but we have no disposition to notice him.

NOVICE.—We are as much of a novice as yourself regarding such matters. If you can get admitted behind the scenes, *perhaps* you may be enabled to ascertain what kind of paint actresses use; but take care you don't get a touch of the dye on your own frontispiece.

GUS, Richmond.—If you can manage to mail your letter so as to reach us by Monday or Tuesday, it will appear in that week's issue, and thus the intelligence contained in it will be doubly interesting from the fact of its being "six days later." See?

J. M. F., Richmond, Va.—As there is a wide-spread interest at present existing regarding the game fowl, whatever has a tendency to improve the breed of this bird is always well received. We shall therefore take pleasure in giving publicity to the article in question.

CHARLES SMITH.—1. The steamship Great Western first arrived here on the 17th of June, 1838, in eighteen days from Bristol, England. 2. The steamer Persia made the quickest run across the Atlantic.

JAMES SHARP, South Boston.—A small deposit, as a guarantee of good faith, will no doubt secure you a match. If you are in earnest send it along, and your challenge will appear.

E. K. BERRINGTON, Chicago.—Be so good as to keep us posted, and any cause of complaint against the CLIPPER shall be entirely removed hereafter. Stir the boys up with a sharp stick.

YOUNG CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK, Syracuse.—1. Young Barney Aaron and John Monaghan fought but once. 2. A nine and four deuces count 20 in cribbage. 3. We know of no noted "ringer" of that name.

C. AND B, Chicago.—Hickman, the Gasman, was not killed in the prize ring, but by being thrown from a vehicle whilst returning from the fight between Hudson and Shelton.

J. W. L., Montpelier, Vt.—As answers to your questions will subject us to a search of our files, we trust you will have patience until we find time to give the subject attention.

WM. S., Rockdale.—The one who mixed his cards in the pack, after playing the ace, cannot score game, if his opponent holds cards enough to count more than four.

J. B. R., Po'keepsie.—1. It is impossible for us to say with certainty who ran the first ten miles within the hour in the United States. 2. Send the likeness—we will try and arrange it.

N. B. P., Rochester.—1. Eighteen dollars will purchase one of Colt's New Model Pistols. 2. There is no wadding used between the ball and powder.

J. W. S.—The subject is of such a delicate nature, that we would rather not meddle with it. If she persists, seek some legal advice.

NED, Philad'a.—1. Mr. Ten Broeck has no entry in the Derby of the present year. 2. He is still in this country.

BANQUO.—If we conclude to make the arrangement, we will reply to you by letter.

READER.—The correct name of the monster steamer recently launched in England is the "Leviathan."

SPORT, Troy.—1. We have already published the story alluded to. 2. A set of good gloves will cost you $1.

E. W., Newburyport.—We have handed your letter to one of the "fancy," who will doubtless reply to you.

REGULAR SPORT.—We cannot give you the whereabouts of Master Edwards, the jig dancer.

INQUIRER, Cleveland.—*All Fours.*—The player holding Jack scores low, as there was no lower card out.

AN OLD FRIEND, St. Louis, Mo.—You will find the desired information in our department for amusements.

GEORGE P. RICHARDS, Wilkesbarre.—A forfeit should have accompanied your challenge.

TARGET.—There is little or no difference in the range, etc., of the two rifles.

A WILLIAMSBURGH SUBSCRIBER.—*Cribbage.*—Three trays and two nines count twenty points.

A NOVICE, New York.—*Cribbage.*—A seven and four fours count twenty-four points.

E. C.—Three kings and a pair of deuces beat three fours and a pair of aces.

W. McC., Bangor.—We do not know where the party referred to is at present.

J. D., Cleveland.—We have forwarded your letter to the party named.

J. H. EDDY, Chepachet.—Money received and mistake corrected.

CALADONIAN.—Miss Agnes Robinson is the wife of Dion Bouricault.

A. M. M.—Mr. Cornell is a native of Pennsylvania.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CANKER.—ED. CLIP: One of your correspondents enquires what will effect a a cure of canker in chickens? He must cut open the place, and put burned alum into it; I have never found it to fail. W. S.

HITTING FROM THE KNUCKLES.—As long as some of our legislators are determined to suppress fighting with the naked fist, others of our representatives are determined that those who oppose fair and manly fighting shall not have matters all their own way, and a bill is about to be introduced into the Assembly to prohibit the manufacture, sale and possession of the brutal and murderous weapons, known as "brass knuckles." This dangerous article is a new invention of the coward and the ruffian. It is a brass or iron instrument, formed with four holes, through which the fingers of the hand are passed, and a smooth shoulder which rests on the lower part of the palm of the hand. When the fist is closed upon it, it projects with an arch over the fingers, between the knuckles and the lower joints, and thus forms a most effective weapon with which to strike a blow. It is even more murderous, when used by a powerful man, than is a slung-shot, and will fell a man as certainly and almost as fatally as the pole-axe of the butcher will bring down an ox.

The bill provides that any person who shall make, sell, or have in his possession any such weapon, or any metallic instrument with which to cover the hand or knuckles for the purpose of striking therewith shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be imprisoned for not less than six months, nor more than one year, and fined a sum not exceeding one thousand dollars.

Now, as some of those who have been working so zealously for the suppression of "prize fighting without weapons" are among those with whom the "knuckle duster" is a favorite weapon, this bill to prohibit the use of the "brass knuckle" is a death blow to their contemplated future operations upon weak and unoffending citizens. We have understood that some of those who are loudest in decrying prize fighting, have actually been seen with the "knuckle duster" in their possession. Let our pugilistic friends keep their eyes upon the "moral reformers" in our State Legislature.

ORVILLE GARDNER.—We are sorry to observe that a number of daily and weekly journals ridicule the report of Orville Gardner's reformation, and treat the subject with the most unbecoming levity; in some instances their remarks savor strongly of profanity. From that portion of the press which claims "all the decency" we had a right to *look* for better things, but we are not disappointed at the view it takes of the change in Gardner's conduct in life. With such journals there is no let up for the poor pugilist—it is sufficient for them to know that he *is*, or *was*, a fighting man; that damns him to all eternity in their estimation, and makes him an outcast forever. Well, well, as these individuals are not entirely without sin, themselves, their opinions obtain but little weight with right-thinking men, and the reformed "outcast pugilist" has little to fear from their hostility.

DRESSING A BULLOCK.—By the following challenge, it will be seen that Mr. J. F. Kelly, butcher of Davenport, Iowa, challenges Mr. Ellison, a brag butcher of Keokuk, to a trial of speed and skill in dressing a bullock. This will give Mr. Ellison an opportunity of making good his boasts, or of "acknowledging the corn." If he can beat Mr. Kelly at this game, he may graduate as an A-No.-1 butcher, and wear his "blood-stained laurels" with pride.

A CHALLENGE.

MR. GEORGE ELLISON, of Keokuk, having boasted that he could dress a bullock quicker than I can, I now challenge him on a wager of fifty or one hundred dollars to a test of our skill in dressing, say a six hundred pound steer. If he accepts, the time, place and other preliminaries can very readily be arranged. J. F. KELLY.

Davenport, March 11, 1858.

Mr. Kelly hails from Newburgh, New York. A reply to the above challenge will meet with prompt attention.

HEAR! HEAR!!—The inevitable Stephen H. Branch is out again in a lengthy epistle to the Common Council in support of his claim for remuneration for hunting up the birth-place of "Little Georgy Matsell." In the course of his remarks, he mentions that among the many prominent individuals who have drank at the fountain of knowledge over which he presided were three American pugilists, two English pugilists, and two Irish pugilists, (one of whom was Yankee Sullivan,) to say nothing of Mayors, Aldermen, Councilmen, Governors, Engineers, etcetera. Stephen does not inform us, however, whether he taught our pugilistic friends the art of manual defence, or "readin', ritin' and rithmetic."

THE AMERICAN HORSE TAMER.—Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, who made such a sensation in England, is repeating his experiments at Paris, in the Emperor's stables, to the astonishment of everybody. The Emperor has appointed a committee of gentlemen to report to him on the subject, and it is anticipated that Mr. Rarey will be handsomely rewarded by his majesty for the important discovery.

NEWS! NEWS!!—We are indebted to J. F. Feeks, the great California news agent, of No. 18 Ann street, for a package containing newspapers from all parts of California, and the Sandwich Islands. We had no idea of the vast strides making in the newspaper world on those distant shores, until recently. If you wish to subscribe for papers published in California, Oregon, Australia, Honolulu, etc, drop in, and see neighbor Feeks, and inspect his samples.

GONE WEST.—Mr. Wm. King, the pigeon shooter, has left this vicinity, for Indiana, where he will probably locate. We have received a letter from him, dated Philadelphia, in which he says that his guns had been shipped to the West before Mr. Cornell went to Ward's house to make the match. Mr. King states that he will probably visit New York in a month or two, and if Mr. Cornell then feels disposed to meet him, he will bring his gun along, and give him a trial.

THE TURF.—Preparations are being made all around us for a lively season on the turf during the present year. Trotting on the Long Island tracks will soon commence, and it is to be hoped that the proceedings may be conducted in a more fair and honorable manner than has characterized former races in that vicinity.

NOVEL SPECTACLE.—They are always looking up novelties in Paris, for the amusement of the "parleyvoos." The latest feature is dromedary and camel racing, which is to be duly inaugurated the present spring.

THE TURF IN CALIFORNIA.—Two new jockey clubs have just been formed in California, for the purpose of promoting sports of the turf, etc. One was formed in Penn Valley, the other in Tehama.

GILDERSLEEVE.—This famous pedestrian has just been appointed constable in Butte County, California. Now, then, won't the rogues have to step out at a quick pace?

DOMINICK BRADLEY—"RATS."—FRIEND QUEEN: I see by your last issue that Mr. Bradley throws down the gauntlet to the "world and the rest of mankind," for the championship in rat killing. Now Dominick's prowess in this matter I do not for a moment question, but would like to have the ocular demonstration. Considerable sport might be had by Bradley and his friends, if he would only bring his ratter up to Third and Chestnut streets, in our good city of "Brotherly Love," and *Search* out the splendid trap which has recently been set in that vicinity, and into whose *Chambers* a few have made their way. Like all other animals of this species they operate in a secret, stealthy manner, ashamed of the open day, the public streets, and the gaze of more honorable specimens of creation. They can be scented down the back stairway and along the little alley ways, to their places of feeding, and, indeed can be seen sneaking along thus in squads, trembling, lest some more noble of the animal economy should discover and seize upon their tails. They gnaw (*Knorr*, itchy Jim,) their bones at a house in the neighborhood of Second and Arch, and must sooner or later undermine the building and damage the occupants, some of whom are respectable and well calculated to grace a *Page*. The game would be *small* for Dominick, but the sporting community would be gratified by the exhibition and our citizens benefited by the extermination of such vermin.

I enclose you a poem on this subject, penned by one of the rising aspirants to the pinnacle of fame, so many of whom have been furnished from our *craft*.

Wishing you health and happiness,

I remain, yours, etc., TYPO.

Philadelphia, March 12th, 1858.

NEW ENGLAND CURLING CLUB.—The annual meeting of this club for the choice of officers took place on the 12th instant, in Boston, when the following were elected officers of the Association for the ensuing year:

Patron, John Leishman; President, David Miller; Vice-President, James Anderson; Treasurer, Alexander Chrisholm; Corresponding Secretary, John C. Moore; Recording Secretary, John Patterson; Committee of Management, Samuel Gibson, James Anderson, Robert Fletcher, William Miller, James Johnstone, Charles Mitchell and Kenneth McKinnon; Representative Members, Robert Waddell, Chief Engineer of the Royal Mail Steamship Canada, and John Dickson, Chief Engineer of the Royal Mail Steamer Niagara.

The meeting was fully attended, and arrangements were made for a final rally this week, provided the ice holds good. It was agreed that a correspondence be opened with the officers of the New York and Philadelphia clubs, for the purpose of arranging a match game next winter to take place at some favorable locality.

CHALLENGE ANSWERED.—MR. EDITOR—Sir: In perusing the columns of your valuable paper, I read the challenge of A. M. Brundage, alias "Sweeter." I accept it, because I thought he was too much of a coward to fight a fair stand-up fight, as he kicked me in the face when I was fighting with another, which no gentleman would do. I have no money, except a few dollars, but I will fight him for "fun," as I desire satisfaction; and he can select both seconds if he will only fight; but I fear, sir, it is nothing but talk. I was about to chastise the youth, but it has since struck me his challenge was a beautiful dodge to evade a whipping. Since his challenge, he has left for parts unknown, not even waiting to see if I would accept it or not. "Come back, Stephen, come back," and when you do, you had better look out for my "horns," as he calls me the "Boston Buck."

Respectfully yours, J. W.,
63 Cortlandt street.

MATCH AT CRIBBAGE.—A match game at Cribbage came off at the hotel of Messrs. Eckstein and Fowler, in Philadelphia, on the 11th inst., between Wm. Schuyler and P. Sedley, for a purse of $50, best out of nine games, which was won by Mr. Schuyler, as follows:

Wm. Schuyler	1 0 1 1 0 1 1
Peter Sedley	0 1 0 0 1 0 0

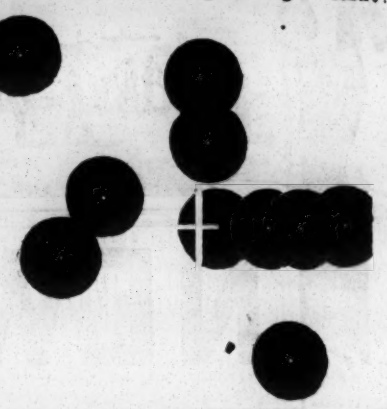
Mr. Schuyler is ready to play a game of Cribbage with any person that may offer, for any sum agreed upon. A note left at Jno. Mealey's, Fourth above Thompson streets, will be attended to.

AN EASY TASK.—Who would be free from the various disfigurements to which the skin is at all times liable, should remember that Dr. Gouraud's Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap is the most effectual remedy yet offered to the public. Superfluous hair, which is a great hindrance to the full development of beauty, can be eradicated by the use of Dr. Gouraud's Poudrés Subtiles, which has now been before the public a number of years. Red, light, or grey hair, which can hardly be considered an adornment, can be easily changed to a beautiful brown or jet black, by the use of the Doctor's Hair Dye. A trial of the above will prove the truth of our remarks. They can be had of Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; also, of T. R. Callendar, No. 88 South Third street, Philadelphia; and of J. B. Bates, No. 129 Washington street, Boston.

THE TRIGGER.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—CLEVER PERFORMANCE.—We have had the following diagram engraved to illustrate some capital rifle shooting performed by Mr. H. P. Minot, at Fitchburg, Mass., last week. It was a *bona fide* transaction, as can be proved by reliable witnesses. The following article, and the diagram, is from a paper published in that place, the extract having been sent us in a letter:

GOOD SHOOTING.—Below we give a diagram of a target, which is a *fac simile* of the original one, of ten successive shots from a rifle, fired at a distance of forty rods, by Mr. Hiram P. Minot, of this town. The rifle carries a ball fifty-five to the pound. This diagram has been prepared to show the mark of each ball. The target is in its true position as seen below, the cross representing the centre:



THE aggregate distance of the ten shots is 6¾ inches, and every one of them within a circle of two inches diameter. The rifle from which these shots were fired, was made by Mr. Minot himself, with the exception of rifling, which was done by George H. Ferris, of Utica, N. Y. The weight of the rifle is about 25 pounds.

We have no doubt that many persons will be inclined to disbelieve this story; and to all such we would say, that we have seen the original target, from which the above diagram was taken, and are ready to vouch for its correctness. Of the distance from which the shots were fired, of course we are no better able to judge than our readers are; except we take the testimony of a disinterested witness, and that of Mr. Minot himself—all of which we can do, knowing the facts in the case.

Now, who can beat it? Here is a chance for competition worthy the days of our early history, when the expert use of the rifle was not only an accomplishment, but a necessity. When the rifle was the constant companion and best friend of the pioneer. No people on the globe know its use better, or have carried its manufacture to higher perfection than have the people of New England. But civilization robs the rifle of half its glory. It is the pioneer's strong right arm, and it is with him on the frontier, among the wild game of the forest, that its merits are fully appreciated. But our diagram above shows that the good old spirit of our fathers still burns, and the love of the sportsman as strong as ever. If any person thinks he can beat Mr. Minot's ten shots, just let him try it, and if he does, why, he can just take our hat, that's all. Who'll try?

DANGEROUS SHOOTING.—Philadelphia, March 13.—MR. CLIPPER—Your readers are always treated with records of feats of strength, walking, running, &c., and once in a while get a spread of some performance bordering on the foolhardy. A few days since, a party of gentlemen were in the shooting gallery of Mahlon Warne, of this city, when the conversation turned on John Travis's feat of shooting, with a pistol, three oranges from the head and hands of a boy. Mr. Warne offered, on a wager, to produce a girl, and shoot, with a rifle, an orange from her head, and one from each hand, at 12 paces distance. His wager was accepted; he produced the lady (a danseuse attached to the premises) and successfully performed the feat. The lady had no support to steady her, and to the closest observer could not be seen to flinch; thus evincing a nerve only equalled by that of the shooter. Imagine to yourself, Mr. Editor, the chances of a slip shot, and then say whether such feats should be allowed in a civilized community. I shall wait with suspense to hear how Mr. Travis makes out with his undertaking. Yours, HERALD.

PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH.—TAYLOR VS. TURNER.—Last Monday, the match at double birds, announced in last week's CLIPPER, between Mr. John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Mr. James Turner, of New York, for $100, came off on Jersey Meadows, in the presence of a very large gathering of the lovers of the sport. The conditions were to shoot at 30 birds each, double rises, 18 yards rise, and 80 yards boundary, with unlimited shot. As will be seen from the score, there was some splendid shooting exhibited on both sides, and it was the general opinion of all present that if Mr. Turner had possessed equally good and strong birds as his opponent, the result would have been totally different; added to which, it was that gentleman's first essay in a match at double birds. Summary:

J. Taylor....11 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 10 11—25 out of 30
J. Turner....11 10 10 11 11 00 11 10 11 10 11 11 10 10 11—22 out of 30

The latter gentleman, not feeling satisfied with his defeat, now challenges Mr. Taylor to shoot him for $100 or $200, at 30 birds each, double rises, 1⅛ oz. of shot, 18 yards rise, and 80 boundary; and to toss for choice of ground. If accepted, the match can be at once made.

SHOOTING IN NEW JERSEY.—Bordentown, March 13, 1858.—MR. QUINN—*Sir:* We had quite an interesting pigeon shooting yesterday, the 12th, at Pointville, Burlington county. There were twelve entries, which resulted as follows, three birds each:

E. Remine	111111111111111111	E. Sine	111110
B. Harker	111110	W. Lee	110
E. Collier	111111111111111111	W. Horner	10
W. Hartshorn	110	J. Sap	10
M. Johnson	111110	B. King	10
J. Chafery	110	W. Harker	0

Remine and Collier then divided. Yours, J. H. E.

PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH.—On Monday next, a match for $50 a side, between Mr. John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Mr. Robinson, of New York, will be shot at Mr. Oscar Sandford's, Halfway House, between Newark and Jersey City. The conditions are to shoot out of a spring trap, unlimited shot, 21 birds each, 80 yards boundary; Mr. Taylor to stand at 21 yards from the trap, and Mr. Robinson 18 yards. The latter gentleman, in addition to being a finished shot, is well known as one of the most honorable sportsmen and warmest supporters of pigeon shooting in New York. A large attendance of the lovers of trap shooting may confidently be anticipated.

PIGEON SHOOTING MATCHES.—On Thursday, March 11, a match at pigeons for $40 was shot on Jersey City Meadows, between Mr. Hartshorn, of Brooklyn, and Mr. Garrison. Those gentlemen have previously shot against each other, Mr. Hartshorn in the first match proving victorious, and the second resulting in a tie, as recorded in last week's CLIPPER. In the present match, Mr. Hartshorn again succeeded in beating his opponent, after some splendid shooting on both sides, the match being only won by one bird.

THE TURF.

TROTTING ON THE ICE.—A trot took place on the ice, at Troy, N. Y., on the 12th inst., between "Duke," of Troy, and "Osceola," of Waterford, for $100 a side, mile heats, best three in five. The horses got started at 3¼ o'clock, Duke taking the lead, and keeping it through the heat. Duke won the race in three straight heats with all ease. The Waterford horse broke up badly. Duke is owned by a mechanic, and his opponent having a fast reputation, "Duke" had not many backers.

TROTTING IN SAN FRANCISCO.—Pioneer Course, Saturday, January 20.—Trotting race, two miles and repeat to wagons, for a purse of $1,000.

J. M. Daniels named ch m Flora	2	3
J. Crooks named b g Powder	1	1
C. N. Ferguson named g g Kit Carson	3	2

Time, 5:29¾; 5:31¾.

MATCH FOR $4,000.—The match between Rhode Island and Kit Carson, the former to wagon and the latter to harness, was to have taken place on February 22, over the Union Course, San Francisco.

SPARRING.

COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO TOM O'DONNELL.—It is now nearly fourteen years since Mr. O'Donnell last took a sparring benefit in New York, although none have been more ready in rendering assistance to others than himself. Intimately and honorably associated as his mnae is with the profession of pugilism in America, both as the scientific victor of Bill Ford, and the experienced seconder of Tom Hyer and John Morrissey in their respective memorable battles, it was no wonder that one of the largest and most-respectable assemblages witnessed for a long time was present on Wednesday evening, March 10th, at Montgomery Hall, Prince street, to welcome and support the veteran on the occasion of his appeal to them.

The large room in question was crowded to excess, and among the company we observed many of the leading political characters of the city, personal friends of the popular beneficiare. The proceedings of the evening commenced with Johnny Coburn, of New York, and Neeson, donning the gloves, and a rattling good set-to they made. The former had decidedly the best of it, and, with practice, promises to become a finished sparrer. Young Carney and Ingles succeeded them, and their encounter highly amused and gratified the audience. They gave way to Tom Mack and Paddy Hughes, of New York, and as both these men are excellent sparrers, and pretty equally matched in size, an excellent display of science was exhibited on both sides, Tom having evidently the superiority. On their retreat, Young Costello, of New York, and Sam Freeman made their appearance. The merits of both of these men are well known to all frequenters of sparring exhibitions, and they both fully maintained their high reputations as thorough masters of the art of boxing. Freeman is a quick hitter and excellent stopper, and on this occasion he confined himself almost entirely to displaying the latter quality. Bob Jenkins and Young Welch; McDermott and Armstrong; John Rooney and Young Barr; and Tom Mack and Jack Barnes, were the next in rotation who donned the mits, and their display of sparring was highly satisfactory to the company. Joe Coburn and Phil Clare succeeded them, and between these accomplished professors of the manly art a first-rate set to was witnessed. The latter still retains his ancient acquaintance with the art; his counter-hitting and stopping were generally admired on this occasion. The Right Reverend Mr. Tovee and Young Dwyer, in their set-to, created great amusement, and the agility of the ubiquitous veteran was remarkable. He acted, in his usual felicitous manner, as Master of the Ceremonies, and, in introducing Joe Coburn and Tom O'Donnell to give the wind-up, expressed in appropriate language the sincere thanks of the beneficiare to his numerous friends present, and others who had so generously supported him on this occasion. The set-to between those two was excellent, and Tom O'Donnell showed that he still possesses that thorough practical knowledge of the science which has raised him to such an elevated position among the pugilistic Champions of America. The whole proceedings were conducted, throughout, in the most satisfactory and orderly manner, and all appeared highly delighted with the evening's amusement.

IZZY LAZARUS IN CHICAGO.—Two exhibitions were recently given in Chicago by Izzy Lazarus and his two sons, which were well attended, particularly the first; the second being somewhat interfered with by the election, which took place the following day. Mr. Lazarus says that to Mr. Jacob Newsome he is much indebted for the services rendered by him. The sparring was of a fair order, although Mr. Lazarus says Johnny Roberts, who had some difficulty with Harry, took the trouble to place obstacles in the way. Mr. Lazarus desires us to return his thanks to the citizens of Chicago, and Mr. Newsome, particularly, for the kind reception himself and sons met with.

SAM FREEMAN'S BENEFIT.—The benefit of this really clever boxer took place on the 11th inst., at 185 Spring street. Sam's excessive modesty (Sam is a colored man) prevented him from calling upon us to give him a lift, and as we knew nothing of the affair until it was over, we did not give the usual notice of the exhibition, and the attendance was, therefore, not as large as it might have been. The sparring was in the following order: Young Thompson and Smith; young Walsh and Jenkins; Simmons and Atkins; Jack Barnes and Tom Mack, some pretty rough work; Fitts and Young Barr; Bob Poole and Sam Freeman, a first rate set-to; Welsh and Carney; Davis and Sniffin; Curry and Hughes; Young Harrington and Barr, very apt scholars, and the recipients of much applause; then followed the wind-up, between Young Armstrong and Sam Freeman, which was a most excellent set-to. Old Bill Tovee, Master of Ceremonies, then retuned thanks in his usual way; he said he would have set-to, but during the several sets-to he had during the week, he had got his nose and eyes considerably damaged. The company thought that some of the old hands should appear at exhibitions, and set-to with Tovee, instead of allowing the old 'un to face the young ones so often.

BENICIA BOY'S BENEFIT.—This event was to have taken place in Boston, on Monday evening last, and from the preparations made, it must have been a monster exhibition. Joe Coburn was announced to appear on the occasion, but he was not present. Coburn and Tom O'Donnell dropped in to see us on Monday afternoon, and stated that they would leave that evening for Boston. There must have been some misunderstanding regarding the time fixed for the benefit, we should judge.

MACKEY IN TORONTO.—Johnny Mackey gave an exhibition in Toronto, Canada West, on the 10th instant, when some good sparring was exhibited by Charles Saunders, John O'Malley, Jack Dooley, Pete Kelley, Tim Cushing, and a host of others. The wind-up was between O'Malley and Mackey. Doctor Mann was Master of Ceremonies.

BOXING IN OREGON.—Our sporting friends are introducing the art of manual defence even among the inhabitants of the wild regions of Oregon. A correspondent, writing from Fort Dallas, Oregon Territory, under date of January 26, says:—"There are several of us in this out-of-the-way place who do all we can to inaugurate and keep sports alive here. We recently had a couple of sparring exhibitions, which were quite well attended. Among the most scientific boxers was Tom Wallace, with whom you are acquainted, and Jemmy Hayes."

CODEY'S BENEFIT.—We forgot to mention that John Codey's exhibition came off at the Five Mile House, Third Avenue, on the 8th inst., but as the night was stormy the attendance was slim; notwithstanding, there was a good night's amusement, to which the following contributed:—Young Smith, Welsh, Bethel, Jenkins, Shelly, Lynch, Tovee, Codey, and others. By request, Old Bill Tovee and Codey gave the wind-up, which, being of the glove fight order, much pleased our Yorkville friends.

THE RING.

ANOTHER GLOVE FIGHT IN BOSTON.—Boston, Massachusetts, March 10, 1858.—A glove fight came off here last night, between Cheek Hares, of London, and L., the Vermont Pet, for a purse; the result of which took every one by surprise, not only at the disproportion of the combatants, but the actual science of the larger man. Cheek Hares, who is well known as a delineator of the manly art, is a native of London, and has gained considerable repute in this country in his imitations, (at the various sparring tournaments,) of the fights of noted men—he is about 27 years of age, height, 5 feet 6½ inches, weight, 124 pounds. Of the Vermont Pet, little is known, further than that he is a native of Vermont, but not so green as people from that State are supposed to be. He is in height, 6 feet 2½ inches, weight, about 220 pounds, and 28 years of age; has never appeared in the prize ring, but should he enter as a candidate, no doubt he would make quite a sensation in the sporting world. His friends wishing to try him with some body, and Cheek Hares wanting a job, and being nothing loth, (remarking the bigger the man the better the mark,) made a match accordingly, and the place appointed was soon reached. The usual preliminaries being arranged, such as appointing umpires, referee, &c., the combatants having received their finishing touch, and time being called, they met at the mark and commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On throwing themselves into position, the attitudes of the men were striking indeed. The superior length and weight of the Vermont Pet seemed sufficient to annihilate his small antagonist; but, nothing daunted, Hares opened the ball by trying his left, which was stopped by the Pet in the greatest ease to the surprise of all. Hares tried his left and right, but was short, and in return napped a little one on the cocoa nut—nothing loth, he tried his one-two and got away; he was followed by the Pet, who struck out left and right. Hares jumping about like a cat on hot bricks, made a break—sparring very cautious—the Pet looking serious and very determined, Cheek struck out with his left, when, as quick as lightning, he was countered on the tater trap, which sent him to the floor.

2. Mutual feints for a draw—they got near together and heavy exchanges followed, the Pet planting his left with telling effect on the kissing-trap, and receiving a heavy return from the Londoner's right in the bread-basket; a clinch followed, bit Cheek struck out left and right and went under the Pet's arm; the Pet struck out with the right, and a lively rally followed, give and take being the order of the day, till Hares went down on the saving suit.

3. Both came up piping hot from the effects of the last round. Cheek tried his left—was stopped—tried it again with better success, and got away cleverly; [Bravo Cheek, you're a good 'un;] tried it again, but received a stinger on the right listener which made him think all the fire bells in Boston were ringing; a slight rally, and the Cockney down.

4. This was a hard and well fought round. The Pet planted both mawleys on the mug, and was cross countered heavily on the side of the knowledge box that made the ivories chatter; still the Pet bored in left and right, while Hares danced the polka all round the room, trying to get out of reach; the Pet nailed him on the left eye, and received one in return on the smeller; both now seemed to be fatigued, and sparred for wind. The Pet lunged out repeatedly, but Cheek got back; after a deal of feinting on both sides, heavy counters were exchanged, the Pet on the brain-pan, and Cheek on the mark, both staggered and Cheek fell. [Tremendous applause.]

5. Heavy exchanges at close quarters, the Pet again on the *os frontis*, and receiving a sharp return on the left optic. The dancing master led another waltz round the room till they got into a rally and Hares down.

6. After a few passes they got at work again; both missed their first shots, but a second attempt of the Pet's landed his left on Hares' forehead, which raised a lump as big as an egg; Hares shook it off and planted his one-two very straight on the Pet's ivory case, and dropped.

7. The Londoner got too near, and napped another hot 'un on the cocoa nut; still Hares stuck to his man and got his favorite right on the mark with great force; a rally ensued, and Hares down.

8. Hares came up weak, and blowing very heavy; the Pet not much better; sparred for wind, when the Pet let fly his left on the cranium, and got a receipt for it on the bread-basket; a clinch followed, and pepper was administered on both sides till Hares went down, weak.

9. Hares feinted and popped his left on the right peeper—tried again; missed, and received a right handed spank on the side of the nut that set the bells agoing again; Hares dashed in with determination; got heavily home with his right and fell.

10. On meeting, the Pet made another call at Hares' upper story, but got a return on the smelling-bottle that made him sneeze; some good half-arm hits followed, the Pet on the listner, and Hares on the mark; the Pet feinted with his left and sent his right on Cheek's knowledge-box that made him go down like a shot.

11. On coming to the scratch Hares went in like a little game cock; nailed the Pet on the conk, which made it look like a full blown rose. The Pet seemed not to like such work, so he brought his sledge hammer again on Mr. Cockney's brain-pan, which sent him down.

12th and last. On coming to the scratch, Hares seemed determined to be on hand—led off with his left—was short—the Pet returned with the right on the side of the jaw; heavy exchanges with the right—a break; Hares got well home with his one-two, but received a nasty one on the tater-trap in return; some wild exchanges followed, when Hares made a rush and hit the Pet with his head in the thigh with such force that they both staggered. An appeal was made, which was not allowed, and the friends of both parties being satisfied, called it a draw.

The fight lasted 40 minutes, and was sharp work all the time, as there was hardly a pause from beginning to end. Hares shewed himself a gallant little fellow throughout; his opponent being so tall Hares could hardly reach him, but still he tried his best, and gained a deal of friends. Still, it was evident from the first round that Hares had mistaken his man; he thought he was going to be opposed to a man who had no science, but he was woefully mistaken, for he proved to be quick on his pins, with a sharp eye, long reach, and powerful hitter. That he has a deal to learn before he can be termed scientific, is unquestionable; but still we say with practice he would prove a dangerous customer to some of our big 'uns; and if he should get a match on either with the gloves or without, may we be there to see.

Yours truly, CHANTICLEER.

FIGHT IN MAINE.—A prize fight took place in the vicinity of Bangor, Me., on the 1st inst., for $25 a side, between Johnny Gallagher and Cristy Gilligloy. It seems to have been a stubbornly contested battle, neither having the advantage, when on the 28th round the police put in an appearance, when the parties up stakes, and made off. The referee did not appoint another day for the renewal of the fight, and matters remain the same as before they entered the ring.

HARRY CLARK AND THE GERMAN STAG.—Columbus, Ohio, March 8, 1858.—I understand that the German Stag is not satisfied with the recent fight with me at Cincinnati; therefore, I propose to fight him for one, two, or three hundred dollars, either at Columbus or Cincinnati, as we may agree when the first stakes are put up. Stakes to be put up in four instalments, and to fight under the new rules, the same as the last fight. Man and money ready at the American Hotel, Columbus, Ohio. HARRY CLARK.

JAMES BROWN TO PAT CARROLL.—The gentleman (Mr. Pat Carroll) with whom I had the *glove* fight, may no doubt feel delighted at his success; so I have determined to give him another chance. I will fight him (without gloves) for $500 a side, according to the rules of the P. R., the fight to take place on or about the first day of May. Man and money ready at Wm. Clerton's Exchange.

St. Louis, March 10, 1858. JAMES BROWN.

CRICKET.

CRICKETERS MISCELLANY.

FAST BOWLING.—As this subject seems to be the all absorbing topic in cricketing circles at the present time, we may be pardoned for again introducing it to our many readers. Suggestion after suggestion has been made in the hope of obviating the many difficulties which appear to stand in the way of changing the present fast and dangerous system of bowling; but none seem, thus far, to have met the desired end. One suggests an increase of the penalty for wide-balls from one to two runs; another, that all parts of the arm be kept below the shoulder, in the act of bowling; and, by another, it is submitted that bowlers whose delivery is unfair or dangerous should be objected to in the making of a match. All these may be very well in their way, but we are afraid that they would only increase the difficulty, and give rise to very many discussions that would prove highly detrimental to the cause. The only way, in our opinion, would be, to do away with round-arm bowling altogether, which would effectually prevent anything like throwing, or dangerous speed; and to prevent too fast run-getting, and increase the chances of getting the batsmen out, (if that be desirable) make it incumbent on him (the batsman) that he keep one of his feet within the popping crease, the same as laid down in law III. of single wicket; and also let the field be increased, or, in lieu thereof, add another stump to the wicket. This, we think, would be better than any half-way reforms, which are forever needing some amendment or other. With this suggestion, we leave the subject for the present, and call attention to the following from our correspondents.

BOWLING.—ROUND ARM VS. UNDER-HAND.—As this matter is now a subject of considerable discussion among cricketers, I would beg leave to suggest the following as one remedy for the evils of fast round-arm bowling:—As "wide balls" result entirely from too much speed in delivering, and if the "pace" was less, the "length" and aim of the balls would be better, I think the penalty of making every "wide ball" to count two against the bowler would tend to cause him to lessen his speed materially, and thereby make him bowl more "on the wicket," and also have a better "length." What say you to this, brother cricketers?

A LOVER OF UNDER-HAND BOWLING.

NEW YORK, March 14, 1858.

DEAR SIR: A letter in the CLIPPER of the 6th inst. calls the attention of American cricketers to the subject, now under discussion in London cricketing circles, of a change from round-arm to under hand bowling, and suggests the propriety of the matter being taken in hand by the forthcoming Convention. I really think that it is time that something should be done to remedy the evil complained of; but it is no easy matter to do it. Accuracy in bowling cannot be attained if the bowler resort to a high speed. The most fatal ball to the wickets is one that has, in addition to the desired "length," a bias given to it by the bowler. This bias cannot be imparted when a high rate of speed is adopted. Hence a moderate pace, with a good length, and the requisite bias, is the perfection of bowling; but as there are few who attain this proficiency, those who have it not, resort to speed as the only alternative, and such bowlers are "bound to take his wickets, or break his legs or arms, or do some damage" to the proficient batsman. Under these circumstances the whole question seems to be that of inflicting some penalty on these fast bowlers that will teach them to moderate their speed, and make them depend more upon "length" and "bias," and not so much upon how fast they can throw a ball without infringing upon the existing rule, comparatively useless, against "delivering above the shoulder." I shall refer to this subject again; in the meantime I hope to see some suggestions from your many correspondents. A. OF B. C.

LONG ISLAND CLUB.—The members of this club, and their friends, at a meeting (alluded to in our last) held on Monday, 8th inst., at the Parker House, Washington street, Brooklyn, added to their already enviable reputation as a set of "jolly good fellows." After doing justice to the abundantly supplied table, the L. I. Glee Club, Messrs. Eastmead, Laban, and Bennett, delighted their brethren in arms by singing a glee, written for the club by the former gentleman, and which was rendered in the most finished style. Victories, defeats, and hair-breadth escapes, on the battle field, were again rehearsed, until the midnight hour, when with a long and earnest hurrah! for the success of the club, and cricket wherever introduced, which was heartily joined in by all present, they separated, each and all determined to wield the willow if possible with a more vigorous and successful arm than has ever yet been the lot of man to record. The evening's entertainment was conducted under the auspices of their President, Mr. J. Walker, ably assisted by their sub-officers Messrs. W. N. Clem, Curry, and Laban. They will enter the field with a strong team this season. That such may be the case is the earnest desire of the CLIPPER, which will always feel a pleasure in recording their success.

CRICKET IN CHICAGO.—We are pleased to learn that the inhabitants of this populous and growing city of the West are not unmindful of their health and spirits in their untoward prosperity, and that this favorite pastime finds so many ardent and influential supporters among them. There are, already, no less than four clubs in full and successful operation, one of which is presided over by the British Consul, and another by our friend and correspondent, E. K. Bebbington, Esq. The time has almost arrived for the different clubs to make their engagements for the coming season, which, if the officers of the club will only notify us thereof, we shall take great pleasure in recording, with any other matter that shall prove of interest to the fraternity. What of the match "East vs. West?" Will our Chicago, Cleveland and Cincinnati friends get up something definite for the Eastern men to ponder over at the coming convention?

EXCELSIOR CLUB, ALBANY.—At a meeting of the members held on the evening of Friday, 5th inst., the following named gentlemen were unanimously elected officers of the club for the coming season: E. K. Rogers, President; E. Halley, Jr., Vice President; H. W. Grimwood, Recording Secretary; J. A. Wilson, Corresponding Secretary; E. A. Ross and E. Towner, Treasurers; J. A. Wilson, J. McEwen, and C. Rathbone, Directors. The club is in a most flourishing condition; all hands are looking forward to a glorious season, and to a fair share of success in the matches they may undertake.

BALL PLAY.

BASE BALL.—Another convention of base-ball players of this vicinity was held here on the 10th instant, for the purpose of making some alterations, additions, and modifications in the rules and regulations for the government of the game adopted by the convention held last Spring. There were delegates present from the following-named clubs, viz: Knickerbocker, Empire, Excelsior, Eckford, Columbia, Liberty, St. Nicholas, Hamilton, Gotham, Putnam, Atlantic, Continental, Osceola, Metropolitan, Amity, Pastime, Eagle, Baltic, Harlem, Union, Oriental, Monument, Stuyvesant, Lone Star, Live Oak, Enterprise, and Resolute, the latter four being what are termed junior clubs, whose delegates were admitted, but who, from some inexplicable reason, were excluded from voting. The following gentlemen were elected officers of the convention: President, Mr. A. J. Bixby; Secretaries, Messrs. W. A. Sears and J. J. Vorhis; Treasurer, B. Brown. A committee was appointed to revise the rules and regulations of the game, and the result of their labors will be made known on Wednesday evening next, until which time the convention stands adjourned.

Our young friends of the "junior clubs" are deserving of all praise for their meekness and submission to the will of their elders. They are recognized as delegates, yet dare not vote—they are admitted, just like so many wooden men. Is this a specimen of Young America?

BASE BALL.—At the annual meeting of the Resolute Base Ball Club of Brooklyn, E. D., held March 8th, the following gentlemen were elected officers of that Club for the ensuing year: President, F. H. Cowperthwait; Vice President, R. S. Canfield; Secretary, F. B. Mayhew; Treasurer; C. M. Watkins; Directors, T. W. Haskins, H. A. Thomas, C. C. Overton.

BASE BALL IN CALIFORNIA.—A Club entitled the San Francisco Base Ball Club has been formed in that city, and the following gentlemen chosen officers: R. Robinson, Jr., President; D. W. Crane, Vice-President; H. Van Pelt, Secretary; Chas. P. Plummer, Treasurer, and D. Driscoll, Corresponding Secretary.

WRESTLING.—Philadelphia, March 12, 1858.—I, Freeman Dyson, will wrestle with William White, of West Philadelphia, for from $50 to $100, Lancashire fashion; if not accepted, I will wrestle William Lumley for the same or for as much money as he pleases, if he will reduce his weight to within 5 pounds of mine.

FREEMAN DYSON.

PEDESTRIANISM.

YOUNG SPORT'S PEDESTRIANISM EXHIBITION takes place this (Wednesday) evening, March, 17th, at the circus, in the Bowery, near Hester street. Among the entries for the prizes offered are Francis Attinalli, American Boy, Amos Sanders, Thomas McCort, the Yankee Boy, Wm. Taylor, John Magarigal, Samuel Wilson, P. H. Langstaff, John Warden of Philpdelphia. The latter arrived here on Tuesday.

MICKEY FARR IN VIRGINIA.—Richmond, Va., March 6, 1858.—MR. EDITOR: I snatch the first leisure moment to give you a brief outline of a tall walk made here by MICKEY FARR, the great pedestrian, commencing on Friday, 26th ult., at 10 o'clock A. M., and concluding on Tuesday, March 2d, at 10 o'clock P. M., being 108 hours on the plank without rest or sleep. From all I saw of the pedestrian, he walked with great ease and apparently free from drowsiness. Although I was skeptical on the result, and doubted his ability to perform the Herculean task which he had undertaken, yet I was bound to believe that there was no deception practised when I was informed by one in whom I had confidence that he acted fully up to the contract.

Mickey has won many warm friends in this city by his gentlemanly and social bearing. Indeed, I have to see the first man who made his short acquaintance that was not pleased with him. He has the good will of all, so far as I have been able to learn; and should he again visit the city for the purpose of appearing on the board, I will promise him a warmer reception than he met with on this occasion.

There was one little incident which had a tendency to weaken his affections for this city, and that was, that our Mayor, being such a pious and temperance man, could not bear the idea of having a vile sinner walk on the Sabbath; consequently, he summoned the offender to appear before his holiness, and then and there fined him three dollars and costs—which, added to twenty-six dollars license paid for the privilege of walking on a plank fifteen inches wide, 108 hours, made twenty-nine dollars added to the city treasury.

In addition to the novelty of the walk, there was some very tall sparring every night, to the great delight of the crowded audience of ladies and gentlemen who flocked in to see the sights. VIRGINIA.

THE BUCK ON HAND.—At the time of going to press last week, we had received no answer from Buckley, the Lynn Buck, to Fisher Clifford's challenge, but the day after a letter of acceptance came to hand, with $25 enclosed. Buckley now offers to walk Clifford or any other man, as before stated, for from $100 to $500. If Mr. Lambert means walking, Buckley requests him to cover the $25 now in our hands, to make a match for from $100 to $500—the walk to come off in Lowell. The Buck furthermore offers to run Lambert a quarter of a mile, for $100 to $500—the race to take place within a month.

COCKING.

THE GAME PIT IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The match made some time since, between a Chili cock 10 months old and a stag bred by the proprietor, for $200, came off at No. 164 Commercial street, San Francisco, on the 30th January. Very little interest was manifested in this fight, as the proprietor's stag was killed at the first fly, and died soon after. A match for $50 next came off between the victor in the first match and an imported Spanish cock, which was won by the latter. The last fight of the evening, between two stags bred by the proprietor, was unusually exciting, being the event of the evening. They fought until exhausted, without material injury to either. There were twelve fights in all, and a goodly attendance to witness them.

COCK FIGHTING IN HONOLULU.—The Honolulu, Hawaiian, Advertiser of December 17th, says:—We were not a little amused a few mornings since to observe a crowd of the habitues of Merchant street, gathered around a pair of "early birds" at the junction of Fort and Hotel streets, who were plugging into each other in a style that would have done a Mexican padre good. It was a perfect impromptu affair, but betting of a humorous character was freely indulged in, and many a hearty laugh enjoyed. No doubt several who took their walk that morning with languid pulse and no appetite went back with a cheerful countenance and a quick set zest for breakfast. Our lives are made up of trifles—let no one then despise them.

COCKING CHALLENGE.—TO UPPER OR LOWER CANADA, TORONTO IN PARTICULAR—For a main of 18 cocks, the lightest to be 4 lbs., give or take 2 oz.; or 17 cocks, at 3 pounds 14 ounces, give or take two ounces; or 21 cocks at 3 lbs. 12 oz., give or take 2 oz.; for $100 or $200 the main of any of the matches, and $25 each battle, and to give five weeks notice to the party. The fights to come off at Mr. William Vine's, over Don Bridge, Toronto W. VINE and P. LEARET.

MAINS IN GEORGIA.—There will be two mains fought at Macon, Geo., commencing on the third Wednesday in May and the third Wednesday in June, between two Georgia parties; to show 21 cocks, for $1000 on the odd, and $100 on each fight. The forfeit is up, and the main will be pretty sure to be fought.

CANINE.

WHISKEY AND JACK.—We accidentally omitted to notice in our last the result of the battle between these two canine competitors. The fight was for $200 a side, and took place at Mr. Jacob Roome's, No. 140 Church street, on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 3d of March. The hall was densely packed by those desirous of witnessing a contest which promised to be one of the gamest of the season, and in this they were not disappointed. Mr. Marriott handled Chaffer's dog Jack, and Mr. McMahon attended on Whiskey; it will be seen, therefore, that nothing was left undone to ensure a fair and honorable encounter, for two better handlers than Messrs. McMahon and Marriott do not exist, in our opinion. At two o'clock, everything being in readiness, the word was given, and the battle commenced, the odds being greatly on Chaffer's dog. Both fought well and determinedly, and so equally did their respective abilities impress the spectators, that at the end of the first hour the betting was about at evens, but soon after the odds veered round again on Jack, and so remained until the termination of the battle. Three hours and fifteen minutes elapsed before a turn was had; when time was again called, Jack went in with a will, and the battle was renewed, it being evident, however, that Whiskey had rather the worst of it. After fighting 25 minutes longer, another turn was had, and when the word was given for Whiskey to 'go in,' he refused to meet again his wily foe, and the battle and stakes were thereupon declared to have been won by Jack, after a contest of *three hours and 40 minutes*. The stakes, $400, were accordingly handed over to the owner of Jack, Mr. Chaffers. We have heard that Whiskey has since died.

CHALLENGE.—St. Louis, Mo.—I will match my dog Prince Albert, 35 lbs., give or take one pound, for $500 or $1000; also I will match my slut Victoria, 34½ lbs., give or take one pound, for $300 or $500, against any other slut in the Union or the Canadas. I will also match my dog Washington to kill 25 or 30 rats, against any dog in the Union or Canada, for $500 or $1000. I will stake $1000 in your hands, Mr. Editor that my dog Napoleon kills 26 rats inside of 2½ minutes. My dogs and money are ready any moment, but for convenience to all, say first week in May I will meet them in Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, or at Mr. Bradly's, Fourth and Green street, St. Louis, Mo. WILLIAM C. GREAVES.

SAM AND BILLY.—Mr. Jenkinson has matched his dog Billy against James McLaughlin's dog Sam, 29¼ pounds, for $100 a side, the battle to come off at Mr. McLaughlin's, 156 First Avenue, on the 8th of April. We have received $50 on account of this match.

THE DOGS Brake and Clare are matched to fight for $50 a side, at 24 pounds, to take place on Monday, 29th of March.

A GRAND RAT MATCH and Coon draw will take place in Philadelphia, in Franklin Avenue, above Seventh street, on Wednesday, March 24th, at 8 o'clock P. M.

BEN MATCHED.—The match between Tallman's dog Ben, and Harity's imported dog, 30 pounds check weight, for $100 a side, comes off at Thomas Conner's pit, South street wharf, Schuylkill, Philadelphia, on Monday evening, May 3d.

JACK AND CRIB.—A match for $50 a side was fought at Cambridge, on the 12th, between Barney Ford's dog Jack, and Tom Thornton's dog Crib. Fifteen "scratches" were fought, occupying 55 minutes, when Crib failed to come to the scratch, and Jack was declared the winner.

SPORTS! SPORTS!

Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

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FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1858.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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CRICKET.

THE following items, which we extract from *Bell's Life* of the 14th ult., will be found quite interesting, more especially those referring to the fairness of the present system of bowling. The difficulties in the way of getting it back again to the old system appear to be so many and so firmly fixed, that we fear that the only thing to be done is "to grin and bear it;" nevertheless we shall be pleased to see the good work go on, and also again to witness matches in which the batsman will not be in danger of having his shins broken. With these few lines of introduction we leave the reader to the perusal of the annexed paragraphs:

UNFAIR BOWLING.—MR. EDITOR: During the present discussion on "unfair bowling," may I venture to ask space in your columns for a few remarks? It has been proposed that the Marylebone Club should order all umpires to "no ball" every ball delivered above the shoulder. Now, no one more than myself deprecates the growing system of throwing; but I do not see that high delivery constitute throwing. A throw is almost as readily made below as above the shoulder. A throw is a throw—I cannot describe it, but I know one when I see it; for instance, I know that Griffiths *throws*, but I also know that Willsher *bowls*, and yet the latter has, perhaps, the higher delivery. Most of our professional umpires have been good cricketers, and it must pain them to see the Griffithites throw ball after ball with impunity. But what are they to do? If any one of them was to "no ball" any of this set, he would in all probability find himself "wanting in engagements." Yet they would all be glad to follow an example. Now, cannot the gentlemen umpires set this example? Let every gentleman umpire during the ensuing season, for the sake of cricket, determine to put a stop to this dangerous innovation. It will, perhaps, be objected that gentlemen umpires do not stand in matches of any importance. Nevertheless, a start will have been made, and more than this, let them recollect that they do stand in those matches where young bowlers make their "*debuts*," and that then they have the power to strike the disease at its root; let them do this, and the ensuing generation, at least, will have cause to thank them.

Cambridge, Feb. 9, 1858. Yours, &c., A. M'D.

MR. EDITOR: The laws of fair bowling are once more ignored. Last year's experience at Lord's must satisfy any one that the M. C. C. should be urged either to rescind the law No. X., or else to support the umpires in maintaining it. That law is plain; any doubt as to hand under shoulder is to be decided against the bowler. Now the party do support this law in *the pavilion*. The umpires look to the pavilion for their livelihood, and may be presumed to be rather in favor of a quiet life, like other men, and will hardly cry "no ball" when the result will be (however spacious or however disguised the reason) another umpire when the same bowler plays again. There are some men who never can learn the genuine round arm delivery. Wisden, poor Cobbett, and Hillyer, among others, bowled as men who availed themselves of a natural power, consistent at once with ease and accuracy; they looked like bowlers; you could see what they intended; they were compact in figure, with manifest self-command; and, as the result, they were "every-day bowlers." Now, I will not mention the names of those less favored by nature, but simply allude to the very loose and almost scarecrow attitude and windmill delivery of certain players, whose hands are too high, and whose performances are very unequal. In one great match last year I was very much disappointed, because the bowling looked so wild in its delivery that I could feel little interest in tracing the ball to the wicket. This made the batting also uninteresting, and in my opinion spoilt the match. If the batting gets ahead of the bowling, it is better to widen the wicket than raise the arm, and make *bowling* a misnomer.

Yours, &c., AN OLD CRICKETER.

GUY'S OPENING DINNER.—For a period of about twenty years no name has been more constantly before, or more favorably known to, the cricket-loving public than that of Joseph Guy, of Nottingham. At one time he was acknowledged to be the best batsman in England, and if that proud position was afterwards disputed, it was not that he became worse, but because others improved under his tuition, and by his example. With advancing years a desire had grown up in the heart of the veteran of the bat and ball, to settle down to a permanent business among old and tried friends, and he accordingly became landlord of the Carpenters' Arms Inn, on the Mansfield road, Nottingham, a few months ago. A public dinner, in celebration of the event, was held there on Tuesday last. A few particulars concerning the cricketing career of the worthy host may not be uninteresting to our readers. Previous to 1836 Guy had acquired some local celebrity as an adept in the use of the bat, and in that year he was selected to play in a match at Brighton, Nottingham vs. Sussex. His style of play on that occasion attracted the attention of a number of gentlemen connected with the Marylebone Club, who shortly afterwards selected him to play. In 1837 he played on the part of England, in the great match at Lord's, Sussex (with Pilch) vs. England. He took an active part, along with the late W. Clark, Pilch, Hillyer, Messrs. Mynn, Felix, and other gentlemen, in the formation of the All-England Eleven, about ten years ago. As above stated, a public dinner took place, as a kind of house-warming, on Tuesday evening, under the presidency of Mr. Malpas. The vice-chair was occupied by Mr. M. Hawkes. After evincing the true loyalty of cricketers, the health of Joe Guy was given by the chairman, who, in speaking of the long and honorable cricketing career of the subject of this toast, referred especially to the quiet and unassuming bearing which won so much esteem for him as a good incentive to young aspirants for fame in the cricket field.

CAFFYN.—This celebrated bat has lately made himself mine host of the Bell's Head Inn, Reigate, where, from his general good conduct and straightforwardness, we have no doubt he will meet with that support from his friends he is justly entitled to.

A NOVEL SHOOTING MATCH.

IT has been announced that Capt. Travis has accepted a wager, to shoot, at three shots, three oranges, placed upon the head and hands of a boy. It is certainly a most remarkable feat, only equalled by that of the great Wm. Tell, with his "cross-bow and arrow," shooting an apple off his son's head. It will require an extraordinary amount of coolness, nerve, judgment, and precision even to make the attempt and much more to accomplish it successfully, as we are certain the Captain will do. Great steadiness of nerve and acute sight are required to thus delicately play with hair triggers, while aiming at an orange on the head of a gentle and confiding youth, who trusts his life to your keeping for the time being. When we reflect that the least tremor or movement of a muscle may be sufficient to cause a premature discharge, and that the deviation of the fraction of an inch from the precise aim might terminate fatally to this trusting lad, the feat appears as fearfully wonderful as it is certainly novel.

Capt. Travis is a man of medium height and size and well formed. He has a mild blue eye, with a very earnest expression. In manner he is perfectly easy. With a high degree of suavity, he combines great coolness. He is the very man to execute what he proposes, possessing, as he does, all the requisites necessary to accomplish his aim and hit his object. The pistol which he intends to use in this trial shot is one made by Morgan James, of Utica, New York, who has no superior in such workmanship. The oranges are each to be 2¼ inches in diameter; one is placed on the top of his head and one on the back of each hand, the arms being extended. In this position, at the distance of ten paces or thirty feet, facing the shooter, and with no intervening object, Capt. John Travis proposes to hit each orange, and has only three shots to hit the three oranges. The feat is to be performed in this city in June next. The boy who is to support the oranges is ten years of age, and a bright and sprightly lad. He has every confidence in the ability of Capt. Travis to hit each object, and has equally as much in his own nerve, which cannot be surpassed. He is now under daily training. The boy's feet are placed twelve inches apart and his hands upon his hips. The Captain shoots through the angle made by the bending of the arms and between the feet. This is done to accustom the boy to the firing, and, if possible, give him more confidence and make him feel at ease. From what we have seen, he possesses all the nerve requisite to the perfect accomplishment of this most extrdordinary feat. The little fellow is a native of Louisville, and his mother is always present during the practising. She is entirely satisfied that it will result in safety to her son.—Louisville Journal.

TROTTING.

VALE OF CLEWYD VS. MRS. DAW.—This match, for £50 a side, for three miles, between Mr. Sandford Prescott's bay mare Vale of Clewyd and Mr. Whitmore's brown mare Mrs. Daw (both of Liverpool), was brought to a satisfactory conclusion on Thursday, the 4th inst. They went over the same ground (Bold Heath, on the Warrington-road) that was selected on a prior occasion when they came together. The umpires and referee having mutually arranged the business, the nags were placed, and at the word "go" a good start was effected, and they maintained their positions for some distance at an extraordinary pace, but within about 400 yards of the winning post the Vale shot forth in a most remarkable manner, and defeated Daw about 40 yards, thus showing her swiftness over Mr. Whitmore's mare, that trotted so recently for £300 against time, two miles in 5 min. 56 sec. The Vale was well jockeyed by the celebrated trotting rider Mr. Richard Birchall, of Liverpool, Daw being ribboned in harness by her owner, who displayed his usual talent.

On Tuesday last a match against time came off on the Norwich and Altrincham road, Mr. Francis Barker, of Manchester, having backed his brown mare Kitty to trot, in saddle, 15 miles within an hour. The roads were heavy, and Kitty was ridden by young Joseph Richardson of Salford in an admirable manner. The start took place at Mere Hall, Cheshire, and after trotting two miles in and out, she was turned, and finished her task within two miles of Manchester. Though the mare is said to be 20 years old, and only had a week's preparation, she trotted the first two miles in 7 min., and performed the entire distance with 1½ min. to spare, both horse and rider being much exhausted at the finish. There was a considerable number of spectators present.—London paper, Feb. 14.

WHAT IS LEGAL TENDER!

IN the United States, the gold and silver coins of the United States were made legal tender by the act of January 18, 1837—viz: That dollars, half dollars, quarter dollars, dimes, and half dimes, shall be legal tender according to their nominal value, for any sums whatever; the gold eagle at ten dollars, the half eagle at five dollars, and the quarter eagle for two and a half dollars. By the act of 1849, the coinage of the double eagle, value of twenty dollars, and of the gold dollars, was authorized; both of which are legal tender for any amount.

Owing to the alloy in the new silver coins, authorized by Congress 3d March, 1851, and 21st February, 1853, they are no longer legal tender except in small sums, viz:

Three Cent Pieces, (Act 3d March, 1851, and 3d March, 1853)					.30 cts.
Half Dollars, (192 grs. each)	Feb.	21,	1851		$5 00
Quarter do 96	"	"	"		
Dime, 38 40	"	"	"		
Half dime, 19 20	"	"	"		

By the act of February, 1857, "all former acts authorizing the currency of foreign gold or silver coins, and declaring the same a legal tender in payment of debts, are hereby repealed."

In the absence of any special agreement, the only payment known to the law is by cash. The tender should, properly, be in cash, and must be so if that is required. A tender of a larger sum than is due with a requirement of change or of the balance, is not good. A lawful tender, and payment of the money into court, is a good defence to an action for the debt. But the creditor may break down this defence by proving that he demanded the money of the debtor, and the debtor refused to give it subsequently to the tender.

"A FISH STORY."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HURDIS YELL.

WHO in this country has not heard of Frank Whittaker, one of the most accomplished clowns and ring-masters that ever entered the "circle." For the last few years he has been connected with the consolidated circuses of Rufus Welch and Lewis B. Lent, (or rather since the decease of the lamented General the establishment has been under the entire control of Lent.) Frank is a good jovial fellow as ever lived, full of roguery as an egg is full of meat, and he spares no pains in playing his rigs upon any one at whom he can get a chance. In fact, I could fill the CLIPPER with accounts of the different tricks he has played to my knowledge upon his friends; but I will tell only one, which I hope will suffice, and being not much of a story teller, I trust that you, dear reader, will excuse my method of telling it. So here goes.

A number of years ago I was traveling through western Maryland, alongside of Robinson and Elred's great Southern Circus, playing the wheel, &c. Among the company was Frank, who officiated as ring-master and manager of outside arrangements. The performance of the latter duties required him to ride on ahead of the show a few miles, find the hotels we were to stop at, as well as the ground the exhibition was to be given on, so that when we had done parading he could give us the right direction for the above, and thus save us a great deal of trouble; and, after completing his arrangements, he would ride back and meet the company, when we would "fix up" and make our "triumphal entrance" into town, with him at the head.

One morning we were on a forty mile drive, with Frank on ahead; and immediately on his arriving in town, he drove to the hotel we were to stop at, and throwing the lines over his horse's back, got out and went into the bar-room, where he was met by the landlord, who ejaculated, "Good morning."

Frank made a corresponding ejaculation, to which Boniface said, "One of the circus men?"

"Yes," replied Frank.

"May I ask your name?" queried the landlord.

"Gil Elred," answered Frank.

"Ah! one of the proprietors!" exclaimed mine host. "Won't you drink?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said Frank, and thereupon both proceeded to the bar. While indulging, Frank looked through a side door into the kitchen, and spied a batch of fish, meat, vegetables, &c., about to be cooked.

"What are you going to give us for dinner to-day?" asked Frank.

"I was intending to have some roast beef, boiled corn beef, fried halibut, &c., replied the landlord.

"Halibut!" exclaimed Frank; "that's right—give us some halibut—cook up all there is in there," said he, pointing to an "old sog" that lay on the kitchen table, "and if that isn't enough, go and get some more; don't cook any meat at all; we have had nothing but meat for the last six weeks, and have got fairly sick of it. Cook up your halibut in every shape you can think of, and don't put a bit of meat on to the table."

Upon such authority as "one of the proprietors," the landlord could not do otherwise than acquiesce, and promising to do so, Frank finished his arrangements and went back and met the show.

After trimming up and parading, we went to the hotel. At dinner, Robinson was the first to order, which was roast beef—the genuine Elred seconding, followed by the entire company, except Frank.

"I have no roast beef," replied the landlord.

"Then I'll take corned beef," said Rob.

"I have none of that, either," ejaculated mine host.

"Then boiled bacon?" asked Robinson, the company in the meanwhile stopping to hear the conversation.

"I neither have any of that," said Boniface.

"Then what in the devil have you got?" sneeringly spoke out Rob.

"I have some nice halibut," replied the landlord.

"Halibut be d——d," said Robinson; "what is that in that dish?"

"That is fried halibut; and that (pointing along a little further) is broiled halibut; and that (pointing still further) is boiled halibut."

"And what is in that dish on the end of the table?"

"That is stuffed and baked halibut."

"Good G—d, haven't you anything but halibut?" said Robinson, getting angry; "why the devil didn't you cook something else?"

"Why," stammered out the landlord, "Mr. Elred here (pointing to Frank) came in this morning before the show came in, and told me to cook nothing but halibut."

"He did, eh?" drawled out Rob, after a second's reflection, and at the end of which the table was in a roar, Elred's voice being heard above the rest.

"G—d d—n you, Whit," exclaimed Robinson, jumping out of his chair and starting for Frank, who, at this, put out, followed by Rob and the whole company. Frank ran for a river that flowed in front of the tavern, and, jumping in, swam across. Robinson, not caring to follow, stood on the bank surrounded by the tribe, swearing that if he ever caught Frank he would kill him, (and he would if he had caught him then,) but Elred talked to him and smoothed it over, and thus cooled him off, when they all started back to the hotel, leaving Frank on the opposite bank, wet as a drowned rat, and yet as happy as a clam, on account of his escape. Rob and El were hardly out of sight, however, when one of the company got a boat and went over and brought back Frank, when he went across some lots to the show ground, went into the dressing-room, took his trunk out of the property wagon, changed his clothes, and waited till Robinson came and made up good friends, which they continue to be unless there has been another FISH DINNER since I left.

WEARING FLANNELS.

IN our climate, fickle in its gleams of sun shine and its balmy airs, as a coquette in her smiles and favors, consumption bears away every year the ornaments of many social circles. The fairest and loveliest are its victims. An ounce of prevention in this fatal disease is worth many pounds of cure, for when once well seated, it mocks alike medical skill and careful nursing. If the fair sex could be induced to regard the laws of health, many precious lives would be saved; but pasteboard soles, low neck dresses, and liliputian hats, sow annually the seeds of a fatal harvest. The suggestion in the following article, if followed, might save many with consumptive tendencies from an early grave:

Put it on at once, winter and summer, nothing better can be worn next to the skin than a loose red woolen shirt; "loose," for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a titilation which draws the blood to the surface and keeps it there; and when that is the case no one can take cold; "red," for white flannel fulls up, mats together, and becomes tight, stiff, heavy, and impervious. Cotton wool merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while the woolen flannel conveys from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and by nearer exposure to the air it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red wool flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in summer.—Hall's Journal of Health.

NEW ENGLAND CURLING CLUB.—This club had another rally at Spot Pond, near Boston, on the 8th inst., when the "oldsters" and "youngsters" again competed for the mastery in the "roaring game"—as their mutual merits were so near a balance when tested, a fortnight ago, as to greatly encourage the youths to another challenge trial. The veterans were led to victory by Mr. John Leishman, whose party counted 28 to the youngsters' 21. The play was very superior, and was witnessed by a large number of spectators.

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

From Bell's Life, February 21.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

FEB. 23.—Crockett and Tyler—£50 a side, London.
MAR. 2.—Bayliss and Keyte—£25 a side, London.
9.—Goddard and Hackett—£10 a side, London.
APRIL 27.—Finighty and Lynch—$25 a side, London.
MAY 26.—Bob Travers and Johnny Walker—£100 a side, London.
JUNE 15.—Tom Sayers and Tom Paddock—£150 a side and the Belt, London.

FIGHT FOR TUESDAY NEXT.

CROCKETT AND TYLER, £50 A SIDE.—The whole of the money between George Crockett and Bos Tyler was posted on Thursday, at Jemmy Welsh's, Griffin, Church-street, Borough, when final arrangements was made for the fixture. The weighing takes place at Harry Brunton's, George and Dragon, Beech-street, Barbican, to-morrow (Monday), between two and three o'clock, when neither man is to exceed 10st. There is a special stipulation in the articles against the falling down system, and as we have had to nominate a referee we have, in accordance with a resolution made on the occasion of Brettle and Travers' fight, and alluded to in our account of that battle, desired that official to be particularly strict in enforcing the 13th rule, and to decide against either man who shall infringe the rule after being once cautioned; the caution to be given at the first offence. We trust, however, that neither man will give occasion for an appeal, and that it will be a manly stand-up fight, in which science, strength, and pluck will be the only criterions of superiority. The ring will be kept by half a dozen members of the P. B. Association, headed by Inspector Duncan, who will dispose of the inner ring tickets and divide the proceeds among those whom he may appoint to assist him. He has been supplied with tickets, and it will be to the advantage of the ring-keepers to see that no one is admitted to the inner ring without paying, as upon the amount taken will depend the amount each will receive. It has been determined by the committee to adopt this plan in future when they shall see fit, to prevent too great a drag upon the funds, which are in anything but a flourishing state. Bos Tyler will take up his quarters at Harry Brunton's. George Crockett may be seen at Mr. Hunters, and Jemmy Welsh's, Griffin, Church-street, Borough. Both are in the tip-top condition.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

SAYERS AND PADDOCK.—Another deposit, of £10 a side, for this match, was duly tabled at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor-street, Soho, on Wednesday last. Alec's mansion was crowded with sporting friends, but we did not hear of a single bet being laid. The next deposit, of £10 a side, is to be made at Harry Brunton's, George and Dragon, Beech-street, Barbican, on Wednesday week.

PADDOCK'S BENEFIT.—We are glad to hear that the gallant Tom Paddock had a regular bumper benefit at Nottingham on Wednesday, and was warmly supported by the pugilistic stars of that town. The Bold Bendigo attended, and wound up the sports with Paddock, and also displayed his two belts. Alec Keene and Harry Poulson, Brettle and Hammer Lane, Crutchley and Hall, and Bob Travers and Alma also set-to on the occasion. Altogether Tom Paddock had every reason to be gratified with his reception, and has begged us to return his thanks.

FINIGHTY AND LYNCH.—These lads have signed preliminary articles to fight at 8st, for £25 a side, on Tuesday, April 27th. They have staked £2 10s a side in our hands, and are to meet at our office on Friday next, to complete the articles and arrange as to further deposits.

BENJAMIN AND HARRY BROOME.—Harry Broome has called on us to state that when Bill Benjamin and his friends settle with him for the money due upon the match with Tom Sayers, he (Broome) will cover the £10 staked by Benjamin, and fight him for any sum he likes. Broome has promised to send us an account next week of the money expended by him.

PEDESTRIANISM.

GREAT ONE MILE ALL ENGLAND HANDICAP RACE AT HYDE PARK GROUND, SHEFFIELD.—For this race of one mile, towards which the proprietress of the ground gave £25, twenty of the best men of the present day were selected, and handicapped according to their performances; the conditions being that those that accepted their starts should pay five weekly instalments of £2 each, five to accept or no race to take place. The following runners complied with the conditions, viz: Thomas Hosspool (the champion mile runner,) at scratch, John Saville nine yards start, John Trainer 23, Job Smith 43, and George Cooper 53. The prizes were divided as follows: £60 for the winner, and £15 for the second man. For several weeks past this race caused a vast amount of interest, and more particularly on the day. Smith (the winner) was backed freely against the field at evens, 4 and 5 to 1 was taken about the others. There was, considering the great depression of trade amongst the lovers of pedestrianism in this and other sporting localities, a good attendance. The number, we should say, at a fair computation, could not be less than two thousand, a great number of whom were from Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Wakefield, Leeds, and the surrounding neighborhoods; in fact, we do not recollect seeing so many strangers on the ground since the memorable six miles race between James Sherdon of Sheffield and William Jackson (the American Deer.) Shortly after the time specified for the start, the five competitors made their appearance on the ground, wrapped in rugs, flannels, &c., each being attended by his respective trainer and a friend. The bell having been rung, the bipeds speedily unrobed, and at once took their stations at the marks allotted to them. The pistol was then fired, and away they bounded simultaneously, Cooper cutting out the running at a tremendous pace. Smith and the others stuck manfully to their work, creeping gradually up to the leading man. When nearly 1,000 yards had been traversed, Hosspool gave Saville the go-by, Smith having served Cooper the same, and when little better than two laps had been gone over, the champion, who had evidently shot his bolt, cut it. The race was never afterwards in doubt, Smith winning comparatively easy by nearly a score yards, Cooper being second, and Trainer third. The time occupied by the winner was four minutes and 28 seconds and a half. Smith was loudly cheered at the finish for his straightforward and manly conduct throughout the race.

FOOT RACE OF SIX MILES.—PUDNEY AND ROWAN.—On Saturday, 13th instant, the above men met at the Victoria Grounds, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to run their match of six miles, for £30 a side, Rowan having 100 yards' start. A good muster assembled to see the race, which caused a good deal of interest, but we are sorry to say about 1,000 forcibly broke down part of the fencing, and rushed into the grounds. We hope, as new fencing is being put up, this will not occur again. Rowan was the favorite at 6 and 7 to 4. Immediately the pistol was fired, both men bounded away at a good pace. Rowan slightly increased his lead in the first two laps, but Pudney began gradually to lessen the gap between them up to five miles, at which time he was not more than 25 yards behind Rowan. The Gateshead hero now put on a fine spurt, and in the next lap was again leading by at least 40 yards. It was now a dead certainty for Rowan, for although Pudney did all nature would allow, his opponent passed the winning post 25 yards ahead. We may here speak in good terms of the spectators, for however rough a certain class was in getting into the grounds, still, when once in, one and all seemed to strive to keep a clear course, and

give the Londoner fair play. Pudney attributes his defeat to not being right up to the mark through not having sufficient time to train. Be that as it may, he did certainly run very heavy, and quite different to his usual style, but no man could do more than he did to win, and it will take a good man to give Rowan the same start at the same distance and beat him.

MACKINNEY AND CLASPER'S SCULLERS' RACE.—The match between these celebrated watermen, which was to have been rowed on Tuesday last, on the Clyde, terminated in Clasper's rowing over the course and claiming the stakes. Mackinney's backers would not choose a referee, although they had the privilege of naming anyone they liked.

THRILLING SCENE.

FEARFUL EXPERIENCE OF A LIGHTNING-ROD MAN—ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF A CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

MR. THOMAS KINGSTON, who for several years has followed the business of putting up lightning-rods, which, of course, requires steady nerves and a firm brain, met with an accident recently, by which, but for the most singular presence of mind, or rather, supernatural instinct, he would have fallen from a dizzy height, and been dashed to pieces. He is compelled to climb roofs, over chimneys, and up spires, and fix a rod, with perfect coolness and precision, hundreds of feet above the level of the earth.

On the occasion to which we refer, Mr. K. had ascended St. Paul's Cathedral, whose spire is about two hundred and thirty-five feet high, near the head of Broadway, and gone to the very top, where, having left the ladder below, he clung by his arms and legs, fastened the foot of the rod and attached its point—quite a heavy piece of metal—securely, as he supposed, to the cross surmounting the steeple. He had just completed this difficult and dangerous task, watched by a number of persons in the street below, and while looking at the work and experiencing that satisfaction which results from hazzard passed and labor accomplished, of a sudden something heavy struck him and made his brain reel until he could hardly see. Instead of losing his hold at once, as would seem to have been the natural and inevitable result, he clung with a power beyond himself and a will superior to his own, closer and instinctively to the spire. He knew not what had occurred, and to his confused senses it appeared that the steeple was tumbling; or that some strange cause was about to bring the vast structure to the ground.

Some forty seconds—an age to him—must have elapsed before he sufficiently collected his scattered thoughts and subverted consciousness to know that the entire upper part of the rod had fallen upon his head, causing the blood to trickle over his forehead, and nearly blind him. He was in a dreadful perplexity and most dangerous position. He feared, if he moved, he would go cleaving the air to a terrible death upon the stony street below—and at the same time he knew he could not, in the disordered state of his nerves, and his increasing weakness, retain his grasp, more the result of fate than of feeling, much longer. If he stirred he might fall; if he remained he certainly would; and so, determined to make at least an effort for his life, he put one foot very cautiously, then his arms, and then moved the other foot; after half-a-minute of exertion, and the greatest danger, he touched the topmost round of the ladder, and in a few seconds more was inside of the steeple and safe.

Then it was Mr. K.'s great courage and strength forsook him; his nerves and muscles relaxed; he grew sick unto death; his knees gave way; his vision swam, and he sank upon the platform motionless and insensible. He must have lain there half-an-hour before he could rise and walk, and he did not recover from the shock for more than a fortnight afterward.

The people gazing up at him from the street, describe the scene as painful and exciting in the extreme. When they observed the rod fall, a thrill of horror ran through their hearts, and two women swooned away, for they expected to behold him the next moment dashed to pieces at their feet. Destiny had ordered otherwise, and Mr. K. still pursues his dangerous avocation; but, he says, if he were to live a thousand years, he never would forget the intense horror of those century-like moments, when he seemed to hang upon the air more than two hundred feet above the earth, and to be momentarily descending to a dreadful death.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE HIGHLANDERS' OATH.

THE following has been communicated to the Poonah Observer: "By recent letters received from Brigadier Havelock's force, it appears that on the arrival of the detachment of 78th Highlanders at the place of sculls, Cawnpore, after the massacre of our countrymen, women and children, they by some means or other found the remains of one of General Wheeler's daughters. The sight was horrible, and roused them to that pitch, that gathering around they removed the hair from off the poor girl's head, a portion of which was carefully selected and sent home to her surviving friends. The remainder they equally divided among themselves; and on each man receiving his carefully-served-out portion, they all quietly and very patiently applied themselves to the tedious task of counting out the number of hairs contained in each individual's lot; and when this task was accomplished, they one and all swore most solemnly by Heaven and the God that made them, that for as many hairs as they held in their fingers, so many of the cruel and treacherous mutineers should die by their hands! An oath that they have, no doubt, most religiously kept."

COMING THE SLANG OVER HIM.

AMONG the many singular anecdotes which Lord Mansfield has been accustomed to relate of himself, he used to speak of the following with the most unaffected good humor:

A St. Giles' bird appeared as an evidence before him in some trial concerning a quarrel in the street, and so confounded his lordship with slang, that he was obliged to dismiss him without getting anything from him. He was desired to give an account of all he knew.

"My lord," said he, "as I was coming by the corner of a street, I stagged the man."

"Pray," said Lord Mansfield, "what do you mean by stagging a man?"

"Stagging, my lord? why, you see, I was down upon him."

"Well, but I don't understand 'down upon him' any more than 'stagging.' Do speak to be understood."

"Well an't please your lordship, I speak as well as I can—I was up to all he knew."

"To all he knew? I am just as much in the dark as ever."

"Well, then, my lord, I'll just tell you how it was."

"Do so."

"Why, my lord, seeing as how he was a rum kid, I was one upon his tibby?"

The fellow was at length sent out of the court, and was heard in the hall to say to one of his companions, that he had "gloriously queered old Full Bottom?"

"KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT."—Never allow the action of respiration to be carried on through the mouth. The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was by our Creator designed to be carried on. "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life," previous to his becoming a living creature. The difference in the strength, by a long walk with the mouth firmly closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of through the mouth, is inconceivable to those who have never tried the experiment. It is said that the habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and expiration through the mouth is the origin of almost all diseases of the throat and lungs.

DISEASES OF THE DOG.

DISTEMPER.—CONTINUED.

When the lungs are attacked, all kinds of mistaken cruelties have been perpetrated. No wonder the disease has been so fatal, when it has been so little understood. I cannot conceive that any dog could survive the measures I was by my college tutor taught to pursue, or the plan which books told me to adopt. Needlessly severe, calculated to strengthen the disease, and to decrease the power of the animal to survive, as the general practice decidedly is, I entreat the reader to reject it. In truth, the involvement of the lungs is, in distemper, a very slight affair; no symptom yields more quickly or to milder means. Do not forget the diet, but let it be both low and small. The system cannot endure depletion, therefore we must gain whatever we can through abstinence. Do not starve, but be cautious not to cram the animal; only keep it so short that it remains always hungry. The meal must now never be full, or sufficient to satisfy the appetite, which is usually large. A loaded stomach would do much injury, therefore little and often is the rule. The amount for the day must be cut off in the morning; and during the day, at as many times as the owner pleases, it may, little by little be offered, but no more must be allowed. If the dog should not be inclined to eat, which is not often the case at this particular period, the circumstance is hardly to be regretted; he is not, save under the direction of one qualified to give such an order, to be enticed or forced. As for medicine, let the following pill be given thrice daily: Extract of belladonna, ¼ to 4 grains; Nitre, 3 to 8 grains; James' powder, 1 to 4 grains; Conserve of roses, a sufficiency. This will be the quantity for one pill; but a better effect is produced if the medicine be administered in smaller doses, and at shorter intervals. If the dog can be constantly attended to, and does not resist the exhibition of pills, or will swallow them readily when concealed in a bit of meat, the following may be given every hour: Extract of belladonna, ¼ to 1 grain; Nitre, 1 to 4 grains; James' powder, ¼ to 1 grain; Conserve of roses, a sufficiency.

With these a very little of the tincture of aconite may be also blended, not more than 1 drop to 4 pills. The tonics ought during the time to be discontinued, and the chest should be daily ausculated to learn when the symptoms subside. So soon as a marked change is observed, the tonic treatment must be resumed, nor need we wait until all signs of chest affection have disappeared. When the more active stage is mastered by strengthening the system, the cure is often hastened; but the animal should be watched, as sometimes the affection will return. More frequently, however, while the lungs engross attention, the eyes become disordered. When such is the case, the tonics may be at once resorted to; for then there is little fear but the disease is leaving the chest to involve other structures.

Diarrhœa may next start up. If it appears, let ether and laudanum be immediately administered, both by the mouth and by injection. To 1 pint of gruel add 2 ounces of sulphuric ether, and 4 scruples of the tincture of opium; shake them well together. From half an ounce to a quarter of a pint of this may be employed as an enema, which should be administered with great gentleness, as the desire is that it should be retained. This should be repeated every third hour or oftener if the symptoms seem urgent, and there is much straining after the motions. From a tablespoonful to four times that quantity of the ether and laudanum mixture, in a small quantity of simple syrup, may be given every second hour by the mouth; but if there is any indication of colic, the dose may be repeated every hour or half-hour; and I have occasionally given a second dose when only ten minutes have elapsed. Should the purgation continue, and the pain subside, from 5 to 20 drops of liquor potassæ may be added to every dose of ether given by the mouth; which, when there is no colic, should be once in three hours, and the pills directed below may be exhibited at the same time: Prepared chalk, 5 grains to 1 scruple; Powdered ginger, 3 to 10 grains; Powdered caraways, 3 to 10 grains; Powdered capsicums, 1 to 4 grains; Confection of roses, a sufficiency. To the foregoing, from 2 to 8 grains of powdered catechu may be added should it seem to be required, but it is not generally needed. Opium more than has been recommended, in this stage, is not usually beneficial; and, save in conjunction with ether, which appears to deprive it of its injurious property, I am not in the habit of employing it.

I have been more full in my directions for diarrhœa than was perhaps required by the majority of cases. Under the administration of the ether only, I am, therefore, never in a hurry to resort even to the liquor potassæ, which, however, I use some time before I employ the astringent pills, and during the whole period I persevere with the tonic. The diet I restrict to strong beef tea, thickened with ground rice, and nothing of a solid nature is allowed. Should these measures not arrest the purgation, but the fæces become offensive, chloride of zinc is introduced into the injection, and also into the ether given by the mouth. With the first, from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of the solution is combined, and with the last half those quantities are blended. A wash, composed of 2 ounces of the solution of the chloride to a pint of cold water, is also made use of to cleanse the anus, about which, and the root of the tail, the fæces have a tendency to accumulate, Warm turpentine I have sometimes with advantage had repeatedly held to the abdomen, by means of flannels heated and then dipt into the oil, which is afterwards wrung out. This, however, is apt to be energetic in its action; but that circumstance offers no objection to its employment. When it causes much pain, it may be discontinued, and with less regret, as the necessity is the less in proportion as the sensibility is the greater. Should it even produce no indication even of uneasiness, it must nevertheless not be carried too far, since on the dog it will cause serious irritation if injuditiously emyloyed; and we may then have the consequences of the application to contend with added to the effects of the disease. When it produces violent irritation, a wash made of a drachm of the carbonate of ammonia to half a pint of water may be applied to the surface; and when the inflammation subsides, the part may be dressed with spermaceti ointment. The fits are more to be dreaded than any other symptom; when fairly established, they are seldom mastered. I have no occasion to boast of the success of my treatment of these fits. All I can advance in favor of my practice is, that it does sometimes save the life, and certainly alleviates the sufferings of the patient, while of that plan of treatment which is generally recommended and pursued, I can confidently assert it always destroys, adding torture to the pains of death. In my hands not more than one in ten are relieved, but when I followed the custom of Blaine none ever lived, the fate was sealed, and its horrors were increased by the folly and ignorance of him who was employed to watch over, and was supposed to be able to control. Let the owners of dogs, when these animals have true distemper fits rather cut short their lives than allow the creatures to be tampered with for no earthly prospect. I have no hesitation when saying this: the doom of the dog with distemper fits may be regarded as sealed; and medicine, which will seldom save, should be studied chiefly as a means of lessening the last agonies. In this light alone can I recommend the practice I am in the habit of adopting. When under it no animal recovers, the result is rather to be attributed to the powers of nature than to be ascribed to the virtues of medicine, which by the frequency of its failure shows that its potency is subservient to many circumstances. Blaine and Youatt, both by the terms in which they speak of, and the directions they lay down, for the cure of distemper fits, evidently did not understand the pathology of the form of disease. These authors seem to argue that the fits are a separate disease, and not the symptoms only of an existing disorder. The treatment they order is depletive, whereas, the attacks appearing only after the distemper has exhausted the strength, a little reflection convinces us the fits are the results of weakness. Their views are mistaken, and their remedies are prejudicial. They speak of distemper being sometimes ushered in by a fit, and their language implies that the convulsions sometimes seen at the first period, are identical with those witnessed only during the latest stages. This is not the fact. A fit may be observed before the appearance of the distemper; and anything which, like a fit, shows the system to be deranged, may predispose the animal to be affected; but, between fits of any kind, and the termination of the affection in relation to distemper, there is no reason to imagine there is an absolute connexion. The true distemper fit is never observed early—at least I have never beheld it—before the expiration of the third week; and I am happy in being able to add, that when my directions have from the first been followed, I have never known an instance in which the fits have started up. Therefore, if seldom to be cured, I have cause to think they may be generally prevented.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FATAL CAMP MEETING.

BY JOSTLE IN.

"NEVER been to camp meeting, eh?" said old Dod, as we clustered round the camp fire. "No not such a camp meeting as this; I don't mean," he continued, as one of the boys ventured to suggest that we were in a camp meeting then; "your tarnation ignorance is e'enamost strong enough to let you know I mean one of them riproaring Methodist consarns, where the gals are convarted by the score, and the boys foller as naturally as kittens take to the milk pans when they are left where they can get at 'em. It was a consarned true saying down in our parts—but why should I say *down*, I don't know, for it's a woeful piece of walking hereaway," and he pointed off in the direction of the Pacific, evidently thinking the Utopia he had left was in that part of the western world, rather than in the region of the Alleghenies. He continued: "It was a consarned true saying down in our parts, and well understood by all hands, if you wanted to make the boys chop wood, jist start the gals out with the axes, and you'd see the chips fly."

"Wal, yes, I'm going to tell you a story," he said, in answer to the query, "if you'll promise to keep me awake. It's mightily changed now, down where I was shook up, from the time when I was young. Then the gals—you see, as old as I'm getting, I can't forget them gals—thought the greatest compliment her spark could pay her was to praise the corn dodgers her plump fingers made; while now—but no; I won't say one word agin 'em, bless their tender hands!—Let 'em play the piana as much as they have a mind to; I'm not the man to take a pleasure from 'em, even if I could. Oh, yes! I will go on with the story. Wal, you see it's some changed now, for my story goes back about thirty years or better, where the pine woods flourished where the cities now stand, and a trail jist wide enough to let the ox teams pass, and even at that they'd graze the trees, was thought a fine road, notwithstanding the stumps.

"Wal, one fall the preachers come into our circuit, and pitched their tents in what was called Pine Holler, about ten miles from our settlement. You see, the settlements were getting mighty thick, even then, and they were just half way betwixt our place and the Jining Logs, an' when the boys came in telling us about it, thar was a regular stampede for the Holler. All sorts of teams were pressed into service, and we all turned out to spend a week in the convarting mill. At that time I was desperately in love—I'd like to know the time I wasn't—with one of the smartest gals in the settlement, and she showed her natural good taste by a kind leanin' towards me. Of course, we rode alongside of each other when we went to the camp, and our conversation naturally turned on the subject of religion. She *was* a smart gal, and chock full of education, and the way she'd talk scripture would beat the parson all to splits; and she was some on city talk, too, you can bet—not that I knew about it, to be sure, but the schoolmaster used to say she was a perfect padygorn." "Paragon," I suggested. "Wal, something like it; anyhow, she went far ahead of me. She was powerfully pretty, with a face like a harvest moon, and a form that jist took down anything in the shape of human flesh I ever set eyes on. Bymeby, we began to talk about marrying; and sich like, and as I had a firstrate chance, no one round to tell on't, I jist plucked up my courage, and sez I, "Fely," (her mother, who was some educated, plucked up that name out of a book called Shacks—'twas Ofely, but we called her Fely for short,) I've kinder set my fections on you and if you'll jist say the word, we'll hitch for life." 'Twas for that period, for they never had no divorce down thar. Ses she, "Dod." and my heart went pitter patter, jist like a dead lamb's tail; "Dod," said she, "I don't mind, and if the old folks say yes, I'm with yer fer life." Ses I, "good" and we settled it right thar by a hearty buss, though it was mighty hard to get it, for as I kinder settled over her way a'ter it, my tarnation beast jist took a shy, and my head went slap agin hern, which nearly upset her. The preliminaries settled, we pricked up the animals and pushed ahead."

"Why didn't you marry her, Uncle Dod?" asked one of the party.

"Wal, that's jist what I'm going to tell you. That camp meeeting did it for me sure. Wal, we arove in camp about half an hour or so a'ter the boys had pitched the tents, and the sly look that passed around showed they understood how things war. A'ter we had got everything fixed in the tents, the boys went out while the gals brushed up a little, and they jined us a'ter a time, and we paired off, and as the old Gabriel was blowing the horn, we went into meeting. 'Twas puty full when we got thar, and no place for the gals to settle. While looking round, a nice, fancy dressed chap, with city clothes on, got up and sez he, "Madam, you can take this seat."—Sez Fely, sez she, "I'm not madam, 'cause I ain't married; but stranger, I thank yer," and she set down. He made her a bow that made me e'enamost jump onto him. Then he made a move too, as if to set down along side of her. I wish to tarnation he had done so; but, sez I, "Stranger, with yer permission," and I dumped my form down on the pine log. He smiled for all the world like a baboon, and just riz his hat off his head about an inch with one hand, and kissing the other to'ards her, went over to the other side, and stood talking to another chap jist like himself, only he ha'r onto to his upper lip, right under his nose, like as if he carried it for a strainer for his feed.

"Sez Fely," sez she, "what in all theworld did you set down thar for, when that handsome gentleman gave me his seat? You've commenced too early to play the tyrant with me, I'll give you to understand, sir."

"I didn't hear a word what the preacher said. I had a confused idea I was in a managerie, and the animals war bawling like mad. Bymeby the parson said a prayer, with his hand stretched out like a windmill over the congregation, and then there was a general break for the tents. Fely, she sot still, and I had no mind to move, when in a minute or two, the two chaps came sideling up to whar we sot. Sez the one with the stranger sez he, "I'm John Weaver." I should never a known him, he was so altered. He left the settlement about a year before to try his fortun," and sez he, "Miss Soggs, (that was Fely's maiden name,) this is my friend from the city, Mr. Blidds," and he riz his hat off his head agin, and she gave one of her sweeping curtseys, away down to the ground, and then fotched herself back with a jerk, jist like I've seen a bar do when he got to the end of his chain. Sez he, "The profound pleasure;" and sez she with another sweep, (this time there wasn't room, and she only got half through,) sez she, "Stranger, It's all right." Then sez Josh, kinder surprised like, "Is that you, Dod?" jist as though he hadn't seen me afore—"allow me to introduce Mr. Blidds." He held out his paw, and I started to git up. "Scissors," thought I, 'twas no use; thar I sot, stuck fast to a pine knot, with my hand pushed out like a sheep bow. Sez he, "Don't rise, Mr. Salter, on my account," and then he sez to Fely, "Shall we go with the rest of the company?" and sez she, "Yis," looking to'ards me. I made an effort to git shet of that pine log, but 'twas noo go; the jeens wouldn't give; I couldn't lift the log. "Wal," sez he, "go on, sence your friend has no inclination;" and off they started, snickering fit to kill. "Thunderation!"—I didn't often I swear, but sez I, "thunderation on inclination!—'taint inclination, but pitch!"

"They war gone, so war all the rest, and I was a getting desperate, and putting my arms round the log in front of me, I gave a pull, and we parted, leaving about half a yard of my trowsers onto that knot. I sneaked to my tent, a holding my coat-tail down, so as to cover the wound, and a'ter I had got into another pair of of pants, I went out and getting one of the gals I went trailing round, so as to spite Fely, who didn't 'pear to mind it all. Puty soon dinner came on, and then the horn sounded for meeting. I broke for Fely, but she took the stranger's arm, and put out towards the *leafy tabincle*, as the preacher called it. I went, but 'twas no use—I couldn't hear what was said—but I kept thinking how I could pay that sweet scented chap off. Towards the end of the meeting, I heard the parson say, "We must pray in solitude for whatever we wished;" so I got up and made off, a trying to think what to pray. Bymeby, I came to a big tree, and a'ter looking round to see that thar wasn't no pitch about, I kneeled down and began to pray, at fust to myself, but as I began to warm up, I spoke right out loud, and sez I, "Lord, what shall I do?" when a most orful voice sez, "Jist lick that chap what's got your gal!"

"My blood fairly friz, my teeth chattered like I was frost bit, and tried to rize, but my knees war fast to the ground.

"When I got a little over the ager fit, sez I mighty bold, "Who's that?" but I got no answer, so I got up and looked all round, but no one was to be seen. I did not kinder like the notion, but considering I had a call, I determined to go in, for, sez I the Lord says to you, "Jist lick that city chap," and by all the rules of fighting he's bound to protect yer, so I jist made up my mind if he kept fooling Fely, to serve him out.

"I went back to the camp, chock full of courage, and coming across them arm in arm, (I would have sworn he had his arm round her waist,) my dander riz higher still, and sez I, "Stranger, ef you please, I'll jist take that gal."

"He allowed he'd do jist as she wished."

"Sez she, "Dod Salter, I ain't your slave yet, and maybe I won't be nurther."

"Sez I, "You, Mr. Blidds, drop that 'ere gal like a hot purtatur, or I'll spile yer blasted city soap face," and then she sot a hollering and the boys began to gather round.

"Sez he, 'Mr. Salter, I don't want to fight here, in a camp meeting."

"Boys," sez I, "you see that snake; he's insulted me, and now he tries to get out on the score of religion. 'Tis my opinion he's a coward, and I shed my upper linen quicker nor lightning and tossing my coon skin over the crowd, gave my piny woods yell. The gals all started for the tents, and the boys made a ring. He tried to get out, but 'twas no go. "Wal, sez he, as cool as a rat in an ice house, "ef I must," and begun to take off his coat.

"I felt a little queer, but putting confidence in my *call*, I stepped up to the scratch, but the next moment I found myself about half way through the ring, knocking the boys around right and left. They picked me up; I thought it was a mistake; I had struck at him and thought it was the rebound that had thrown me off my balance; but thar he stood mighty cool. I didn't feel quite so much confidence in my *call* this time, but nevertheless, it wouldn't do to back out now. My blood was up, and I felt kind o savage as I went at him. Heavens and 'arth! what a stunner! In about two minutes I found I had enough, and concluded to say so, which I accordingly did.

"No man ever lost more friends in that short space of time than I did; for when I got up thar was none who knew me. I took my beast and broke for the settlement, and in about five hours I was on my way to the western prairies. I heard in about two months that Fely married the city chap, and who gave me the call I never did find out."—San Francisco Golden Era.

MAJOR BROWN'S COON STORY.

"I WAS down on the crick this morning," said Bill Gates, "and I seed any amount of coon tracks. I think they're agoin' to be powerful plenty this season."

"Oh, yes," replied Tom Coker, "I never hearn tell of the likes before. The whole woods is lined with 'em. If skins is only a good price this season, I'll be worth somethin' in the spring, sure's you live, for I've jest got one of the best coon dogs in all Illinois."

"You say you never hearn tell o' the like o' the coons?" put in Major Brown, an old veteran who had been chewing his tobacco in silence for the last half-hour. "Why, you don't know ennything 'bout 'em! If you'd a come here forty years ago, like I did, you'd a thought coons! I jest tell you, boys, you couldn' go amiss for 'em. We hardly ever thought of pesterin' 'em much, for their skins weren't worth a darn with us—that is, we couldn't get enough for 'em to pay for the skinnin'.

"I recollect one day I went out a bee huntin'. Wal, arter I'd lumbered about a good while, I got kinder tired, and so I leaned up agin a big tree to rest. I hadn't much more'n leaned up afore somethin' give me one of the allfiredest nips about the seat o' my britches, I ever got in my life. I jumped about a rod, and lit a runnin', and kept on a runnin' for over a hundred yards; when, think sez I, it's no use a runnin' and I'm snake bit, but a runnin' won't do enny good. So I jest stopt, and proceeded to examine the wound. I soon seed it was no snake bite, for thar's a blood-blister pinched on me about six inches long.

"Think sez I, that rether gits me! What in the very deuce could it a bin? Arter thinkin' about it a while, I concluded to go back and look at the critter, jest for the curiosity o' the thing. I went to the tree and poked the weeds and stuff all about; but darned the thing could I see. Purty soon I sees the tree has a little split a runnin' along up it, and so I gits to lookin' at that. Dreckly I sees the split open about half-an-inch, and then shet up agin; then I sees it open and shet, and open and shet, and open and shet, right along as regular as a clock a tickin'.

"Think sez I, what in all creation can this mean? I know'd I'd got pinched in the split, but what in thunder was makin' it do it? At first I felt orfully scared, and thought it must be somethin' dreadful; and then I thought it mouth't. Next I thought about hants and ghosts, and a runnin' home and sayin' noth'n' about it; and then I thought it couldn't be ennny of 'em, for I never hearn tell o' them a pesterin' a feller in open daylight. At last the true blood of my ancestors riz in my veins, and told me it'ud be cowardly to go home and not find out what it was; so I lumbered for my axe, and swore I'd find out all about it, or blow up. When I got back, I let into the tree like blazes, and purty soon it cum down and smashed into flinders—and what do you think? Why, it was rammed and jammed smack full of coons from top to bottom. Yes, sir, they's rammed in so close that every time they breathed they made the split open."

HIS FIRST TEAM.—An extravagant young gentleman, having for a few days sported a pair of beautiful gray horses, asked a friend of his, who happened to be of a serious cast, what he thought of his grays. "Why, I confess, Ned," replied the other, "they look extremely well; but take my word for it, your *grays* will soon be converted into *duns*."

A BAD YOUNGSTER.—"Hans?" said a Dutchman to his urchin son, whom he had just been thrashing for swearing at his mother, "vat's dat you're tinking so vicket apout, in de corner dare?" "I aint tink not'n." "You lie you vagabone you—you tinks *cot dam*—and now I'll vip you for dat."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

CHALLENGE FROM YOUNG AMERICA TO OLD ENGLAND.

MORPHY VERSUS STAUNTON.

A LATE number of the *Illustrated London News*, of which Mr. Howard Staunton is the chess editor, contained a paragraph expressing some regret that the challenge contemplated by Mr. Morphy's friends, on his behalf, had not reached England. At the time this paragraph was written, Mr. Staunton, though informed that such an event had been spoken of, was doubtless yet ignorant that any definitive action had been taken in regard to it By this time his regret has been banished by the gratification he must have experienced in receiving a challenge from the New Orleans Chess Club on behalf of Mr. Morphy. If he do not derive from this

"The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel,"

he will at least enjoy the pleasure flowing from the meeting of worthy antagonists in the more gentle contests of the chess-board.

The gentlemen of the club, through their committee, have expressed their desire to welcome Mr. Staunton to New Orleans, in such appropriate terms, that we give the document itself, in place of any further remark; merely stating that it was forwarded to London about three weeks since.

NEW ORLEANS, February 4, 1858.

HOWARD STAUNTON, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* On behalf of the New Orleans Chess Club, and in compliance with the instructions of that body, we, the undersigned committee, have the honor to invite you to visit our city, and there meet Mr. Paul Morphy in a chess match.

In transmitting the invitation, permit us to observe that we are prompted no less by the desire to become personally acquainted with one whom we have so long admired, than by the very natural anxiety to ascertain the strength of our American players by the decisive criterion of actual conflict over the board.

We can see no valid reason why an exercise so intellectual and ennobling as chess should be excluded from the generous rivalry which exists between the Old and the New World in all branches of human knowledge and industry.

That the spirit of emulation from which this rivalry arises has not hitherto been made to embrace our chivalrous game, may be mainly ascribed to the fact that, although the general attention paid to chess in the United States during the last fifteen years has produced a number of fine players, yet their relative force remained undetermined, and none could assert an indisputable right to pre-eminence.

The late Chess Congress has, however, removed this obstacle by settling the claims of the several aspirants to the championship. And it must now be a matter of general desire to fix, by actual contest with the best European amateurs, the rank which American players shall hold in the hierarchy of chess.

For this purpose, it was suggested that Mr. Morphy, the winner at the late Congress, and present American champion, should cross the ocean and boldly encounter the distinguished magnates of the transatlantic Chess Circle; but it unfortunately happens that serious family reasons forbid Mr. Morphy, for the present, to entertain the thought of visiting Europe.

It therefore becomes necessary to arrange, if possible, a meeting between the latter and the acknowledged European champion, in regard to whom there could be no scope for choice or hesitation. The common voice of the chess world pronounce your name; and, to us, it is a subject of congratulation that the sceptre of transatlantic chess is wielded by one who, with respect to regularity of communication between the two countries, and for other reasons, enjoys facilities for accepting our invitation possessed by no other European player.

We take the liberty herewith to enclose a series of proposed "terms of the match," which has been drawn up, not for the purpose of imposing conditions, but with a view to obviate the necessity of repeated correspondence. We have been studious to make these terms as equitable as possible, and to include all matters upon which consultation was likely to arise.

You are respectfully invited to suggest any alterations which you may deem advisable, not only in the minor points embraced, but also as to the amount of the stakes, the time fixed for the commencement of the match, &c., &c.

Fully subscribing to the wisdom of the proposal made by you in the introduction of the Book of the Tournament, we beg leave to express our entire willingness to insert a clause providing that "one half at least"—or even all—"of the games shall be open ones."

In conclusion, sir, receive the assurance that it will afford us extreme pleasure to welcome among us a gentleman who is as greatly admired for his prowess in play, as he is esteemed for his many and valuable contributions to the literature of chess.

Hoping soon to receive a favorable answer, we remain with distinguished regard, your obedient servants,

E. W. HALSEY,
FRANCIS MICHINARD,
G. PANDELY,
P. E. BANFORD,
CHAS. A. MAURIAN, JR.

TERMS OF THE MATCH.

1. The amount of the stakes on each side to be five thousand dollars ($5000), and the winner of the first eleven games to be declared the victor.

2. The match to be played in the city of New Orleans.

3. Should the English player lose the match, the sum of one thousand dollars ($1000) to be paid him out of the stakes in reimbursement of the expenses incurred by him in accepting this challenge.

4. The games to be conducted in accordance with the rules laid down in Mr. Staunton's Chess-Player's Handbook.

5. The parties to play with Staunton's Chessmen of the usual club size, on a board of corresponding dimensions. [Mr. Staunton is requested to bring with him a set of the Chessmen for the purpose.]

6. The match to commence on or about the 1st of May, 1858—or any other day during the present year most agreeable to Mr. Staunton—and to continue at no less than four sittings each week.

7. In order that the stay of the English player in New Orleans be not unnecessarily prolonged, he shall have a right to fix the hours of play at from 10 o'clock, A. M., to 2 o'clock, P. M.; and from 6 to 10 o'clock, P. M.

8. The time occupied in deliberating on any move shall not exceed thirty minutes.

9. The right to publish the games is reserved exclusively to the combatants, subject only to such private arrangements as they may agree upon.

10. The stakes on the part of Mr. Staunton to be deposited prior to the commencement of the match in the hands of ——, and those on the part of Mr. Morphy in the hands of Eugene Rousseau, Esq, Cashier of the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana.—*New Orleans Delta.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Our leading article this week, as it goes from paper to paper, and from mouth to mouth, will create a perfect *furor* in the Chess world; and the question will be eagerly added, will it be accepted? To which the universal response will be, I hope so: and there, for the present, all certain knowledge must cease. The challenge is clear, manly, and admits of no equivocation. It demonstrates another thing; that, having got the arms of toadying sycophants fairly off his neck, and recovered his breath, Paul Morphy, Esq., and his friends are capable of managing their own liberal minded conceptions in their own way.

X. Y. Z., SENIOR.—Thanks for your promptness; the game shall appear next week.

G. H. H., Boston.—Solutions all right; Gem No. 11 is a querity, sure enough.

WANKINCO, Wareham, Mass.—The solution you require is as follows:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..B to Q B 4	P × B (1)	3..K to Q B 5	Anything
2..Kt-Q Kt 5	P × Kt (2)	4..R gives dis + mate.	
		(1)	
1..	K to Q 5	3..R × Kt	Anything
2..R to K 6 dis +	Kt × R	4..Kt or R mates.	
		(2)	
2..	K to Q 4	3..R to Q 6, and Kt mates.	

E. J. W., Boston.—The 2d game in your Tournament, next week—or next; meanwhile, if you want more notes, send 'em on.

BECHTEL'S CHESS DIVAN is, just now, the most popular Chess resort in the city. We have two fine games on hand as specimens of the play.

P. C., San Francisco.—There is a magazine published here, but as it has failed to meet the requirements of the student of the present day, we cannot recommend it to you. Soon after that publication made its appearance, we predicted its failure from the fact that it was intended as an organ to cater to the vanity of a few "professionals," instead of being published as a work of instruction for *all* classes. Its circulation, in consequence, is limited to the few.

C. P. C., Brooklyn.—Welcome to our list; and be assured that your accompanying credentials are eminently satisfactory, proving you worthy a place upon it.

N. P. K., Louisville, Ky.—Welcome likewise; can you not furnish us with some account of Chess in your city and vicinity? The hostile K's and Q's confront each other on the board; Game No. 104 is correctly printed.

GUSTAVUS.—Is quite correct.

QUENCE, Albany, N. Y.—Thanks for your pains; information used.

PAYTERSON, Philad'a.—Both letters at hand, thank you. Your problem shall be examined. Problem No 105 will not solve in that way; see below. "The Aggression," right; first in with it. Our "Gems" we do not select as thinking them the *hardest* ones that can be found.

ALIQUIS, Washington, D. C.—Is this your first visit to us? May we bespeak of you an occasional account of Chess doings in Washington? Your solutions are all correct.

J. P., Philad'a.—That's right; send 'em along. All right. You will, of course, join "Un Pion" and "De Prefontaine," in rebuilding the Philadelphia Chess Club. These initials will do.

FRANK, Providence, R. I.—Your welcome and friendly epistle, with game, received. It is "put upon the short docket." Brother B. still imbibes beer, and bets it's the better beverage.

AGAMENTICUS, Lynn, Mass.—Nary "mix," believe us. Answered privately.

LOPEZ, Brooklyn.—That Muzio is a "curious little affair" sure enough; thank you for the attention; it shall appear. Such games always please students, though they invariably demonstrate that *they* should have played the Defence better.

MIDNIGHT, Syracuse, N. Y.—Would you do us the kindness to rewrite the 3d solution of Problem No. 74; we wish to re-examine it.

PHANIA, N. Y.—Welcome to our columns, with your challenge, which see below. The Annie-Nellie dodge is "played out," but a *bona fide* lady correspondent is a real acquisition.

CHALLENGE.—Our correspondent "Phania" hereby challenges any lady player of moderate chess skill to a match game by correspondence through the CLIPPER. No reply to this challenge will be noticed unless, in token of good faith, the real name and address of the acceptor be deposited with the Editor.

WEST-END CHESS CLUB.—The Editor's Chess *Soirees* have, in fullness of time, ripened into the proportions of a regularly organized club for students and lady players, as well as proficients. Its meetings are on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, at 172 West 23d street. The officers are: President, J. A. Henriques, Esq.; Vice do., Miss Grace S. Irish; Secretary, Mrs. H. Bryant Hazeltine; Treasurer, Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq. Private pupils received on Monday and Saturday evenings; and provision is made for quarterly, as well as annual membership.

CALIFORNIA CHESS TOURNAMENT.—We are informed that the San Francisco Pioneer Chess Club are making the preliminary arrangements for a Grand Tournament, open to all chess players in the States who choose to participate in it. It will undoubtedly prove to be a highly interesting affair. It is to take place during the present month.

SOLUTIONS.

OF PROBLEM NO. 102.

In 6 moves.—By G. H. H.

Black	White.	Black.	White.
1..P to Q B 3 +	K × P	4..Q to K Kt 4 +	B interposes
2..Kt-K B 3 +	Kt × Kt	5..Q× B +	Kt "
3..B-K 3 +	B × B	6..Kt-K 6, mate.	

☞ Place the Black Q on K B 6th, instead of Kt 6th, and see what you think of it.—Author.

OF PROBLEM NO. 103.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..R to K 5	K × R	2..Q to K B 7, and 3..to B 5, mate.	

OF PROBLEM NO. 104.

1..P to K B 8	Kt to Q B 4	3..P to Q R 4	Kt moves
2..B-Q Kt 6	P moves	4..B mates.	

OF PROBLEM NO. 105.

1..Q to her Kt 4	P to K 3 *best*	2..Q to K R 4, and 3..Q mates.	

OF ENIGMA NO. 102.

1..Kt to Q Kt 7 +	K moves	3..Q to her B 6 +	K × Q
2..R × Q +	R × R	4..Kt-Q 4, mate.	

OF ENIGMA NO. 103.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..K to Q 7	K to Kt sq	5..P to B 6	Kt P × P
2..K-his 7	K-R sq	6..P-Kt 7 +	K-R 2
3..K-his B 7	P-R 4	7..P Queens +	K moves
4..P-Kt 5	B P × P	8..Q mates.	

How do you like that? Did no one solve it?

OF ENIGMA NO. 104.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..R to K 6	moves	2..R to K 4, & 3..P to K Kt 4, mate	

A highly ingenious conception.

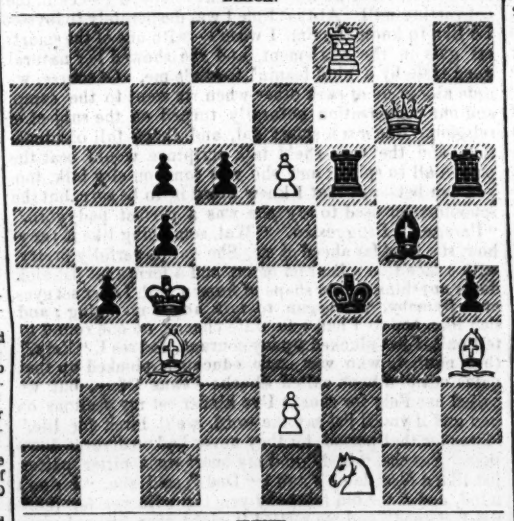
OF ENIGMA NO. 105.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..K to Q B 4	K to Q 3	2..P to K Kt 6	P to K B 3, and,

answer as Black may, White has a game won.

PROBLEM NO. 106.—BY WANKINCO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

GAME NO. 106.

A CHESS MELANGE.

NO. 1.—Between our contributor C. A. M., Jr., and another strong player, at New Orleans.

RUY LOPEZ' KT'S GAME.

Attack, Mr. X——.	Defence, C. A. M., Jr.	Attack, Mr. X——.	Defence, C. A. M., Jr.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Q P × B	P × K R P
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	14..P-K B 3	Q-K 6 +
3..K B-Q Kt 5	K Kt-B 3	15..K-R 2	Q B-K 3
4..P-Q 3	K B-Q B 4	16..Q Kt-B 3	Q R-Q sq
5..Castles	Castles	17..Q-K sq	Q R-Q 7 +
6..K B × Q Kt	Q P × B	18..K-R sq	K R × B P
7..Kt × K P (a)	Q-her 3	19..Q R-Q sq	Q R × R
8..Q B-K B 4	Kt-his 5	20..Q × Q R	K R × R +
9..K Kt × Kt	Q × Q B	21..Q × K R	Q × Kt P
10..P-K R 3	P-K B 4	22..Q-K Kt sq	B-Q 4 +
11..P-Q 4	B P × Kt	23..Q Kt × B	Q × Q +
12..P-K Kt 3	Q × K P	24..K × Q	B 2d P × Kt,

and the Defence wins.

(a) Hazardous; the Attack is overmatched from this point.

NO 2.—A queer skirmish between our contributor L. F. B., of Cleveland, Ohio, and a friend.

FANTASTIC OPENING.

Attack, L. F. B.	Defence, Friend.	Attack, L. F. B.	Defence, Friend.
1..P to Q Kt 3	P to K 4	7..K Kt to his 5	P to K R 3
2..P-K Kt 3	K B-Q B 4 (b)	8..P-K R 4	B P × Kt
3..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	9..R P × P	K Kt-Q 2
4..P-Q R 4	K Kt-B 3	10..Q-K R 5	P-K B 3
5..P-Q 3	Castles	11..P-K Kt 6	R-K sq
6..P-K 4	P-Q 3	12..Q-K R 8, mate.	

Our correspondent asks us what we think of this opening:—we think that a person who could win a game in this style, and then, when his friend tries it, mate with the Defence in 16 moves only, should give some recognized and regular odds, say Kt, and produce a game of some use and interest.

(b) Should have occupied the centre of the board with his Pawns.

NO. 3.—The first passage at arms in the present Tournament of the Boston Chess Club, between Mr. L. B. M., and our contributor E. J. W.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, L. B. M.	Defence, E. J. W.	Attack, L. B. M.	Defence, E. J. W.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Q × Q Kt	Kt to his 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	14..Q-her B 3	P-K B 3
3..K B-Q B 4	K B-Q B 4	15..K Kt-his 5	Kt-K 4
4..P-Q Kt 4	K B × P	16..Kt-K 6	Q B × Kt
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	17..Q P × B (c)	Q-K 2
6..Castles	P-Q 3	18..Q-her Kt 3	K R-K sq
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	19..Kt-Q R 3	Q × K 2d P
8..B P × P	B-Q Kt 3	20..Kt-Q Kt 5	Q × Q
9..K R-K sq	K Kt-K 2 good	21..R P × Q	P-Q R 3
10..Q R-Kt 2	Castles	22..Kt-Q R 3	Kt-Q 6
11..P-Q 5 ad	Q Kt-R 4	23..K R-K 2	Kt × Q B
12..Q-her 3	Q Kt × B	24..K R × Kt	B-Q 5, & wins

(c) This P, and its fate, reminds us of Maj. Rennie at New Orleans; or Serg't Jasper, on the walls of Savannah.

NO 4.—A skirmish from our contributor "Shawnee," of Quincy, Ill.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. R——.	Defence, Mr. T——.	Attack, Mr. R——.	Defence, Mr. T——.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..Q B to Kt 2	Q B to K Kt 5
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..P-K R 3	Q B-R 4
3..K B-Q B 4	K B-Q B 4	13..P-Q R 3	P-K B 4
4..P-Q Kt 4	K B × P	14..K B-Q B 2	P-Q R 3
5..P-Q B 3	K B-R 4	15..Q-her 3	P-Q Kt 4
6..Castles	K Kt-B 3	16..Kt-K R 2	B-Q Kt 3
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	17..K B-Q sq	Q B × B
8..B P × P	Castles	18..K R × B	Q-K R 5 (d)
9..K B-Q 3	P-Q 4	19..R-K B sq	Q Kt × K P
10..P-K 5	K Kt-K 5	20..Q P × Kt	B checks, and

wins the Queen in three moves.

(d) A vigorous and pretty termination now follows; let our young students examine it carefully.

NO. 5.—Our contributor E. S. Brewster, of Pittsfield, Mass., plays cat and mouse with some overmatched individual of said village.

KING'S BISHOP'S OPENING.

Attack, Amateur.	Defence, E. S. B.	Attack, Amateur.	Defence, E. S. B.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..P to K R 3	Q B to K R 4
2..K B-Q B 4	K B-Q B 4	13..Q-K sq (f)	P-K B 4 (g)
3..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 4	14..Q Kt-B 4	P-K B 5
4..K B × P	K Kt-B 3	15..Q Kt × B	Q B P × Kt
5..Q-K 2	Castles	16..Q B-Q 2	Q B × Kt
6..Castles	Q B-K Kt 5	17..Kt P × B	Q-K sq
7..B × Q Kt P	Q Kt-Q 2 *	18..K-Kt 2	Q-K Kt 3 +
8..B × Q R	Q × K B	19..K-R 2	Kt-Kt 4
9..P-Q 3	P-K R 3	20..Q-K 2	Q-K R 4
10..Q B-K 3	K B-Q 3	21..K R-home	Q × R P +
11..Q Kt-Q 2 (e)	K Kt-R 2	22..K-Kt sq	Kt × B P +,

and the Defence wins.

(e) The cat and mouse arrangements are now completed; the Attack has a game won by its nature.

(f) A slip which "lets the daylight in upon his soul."

(g) E. S. B. now proceeds to enlighten his friend as to the real difference in their force.

ENIGMA NO. 106.—BY REV. H. BOLTON.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt sq; Q at K R 3; Kt's at K 5, and Q B 5; P's at K R 4, K Kt 3, K 3, Q 5, Q Kt 2, and Q R 2d.

BLACK.—K at his B 3; Q at K B sq; R's at Q R sq, and Q R 2; Kt at Q Kt 2; P's at K Kt 2, K 5, and Q 2d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

This is *the* famous 3 move problem which so long appeared on the cover of the Chess-Player's Chronicle. Probably many of our readers have never seen it.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

GAME SECOND—EVANS GAMBIT

White—Philadelphia.	Black—Boston.
26..P to K Kt 5	K B to Q Kt 3
27..K Kt P × K B P	K R takes P
28..P to Q R 5	

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

Black—X. Y. Z.	White—En Prise.
21..Q R to Q Kt sq	P to K R 3
22..B to K R 4	K Kt takes P
23..R to K B 3	

BETWEEN LOPEZ AND METELLUS.

Black—Lopez.	White—Metellus.
9..K B P takes Q	Q B to K Kt 5
10..Q Kt to B 3	P to Q R 3
11..Q Kt to Q 5	

BETWEEN H. A. B. AND CRICKETER.

White—H. A. B.	Black—Cricketer.
6..Castles	P to Q 3
7..P to Q 4	K P takes P
8..B P takes P	K B to Q Kt 3

BETWEEN B. W., JR., AND G. H. H.

Black—B. W., Jr.	White—G. H. H.
3..K B to Q B 4	K B to Q B 4
4..P to Q B 3	K Kt to B 3
5..P to Q 4	K P takes P

BETWEEN ALBANY AND UTICA.

GAME FIRST.—EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack—Albany.	Defence—Utica.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4
2..K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3..K B to Q 4	K B to Q B 4
4..P to Q Kt 4	K B takes P
5..P to Q B 3	K B to Q B 4

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

ANDERSON'S WORK ON DRAUGHTS.

THIS work, the most reliable Draught book ever published, containing the Standard Laws of the Game, with numerous games, diagrams, &c., &c., is now for sale at the CLIPPER office. Price, $2 per copy. Copies forwarded to all parts of the country on receipt of the price.

☞ TO OUR FRIENDS, ONE AND ALL, AND *especially* TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS: From the fact that our list of correspondents is rapidly increasing, we are positively *forced* to "lay" many meritorious Games and Positions "on the table;" oftentimes to the annoyance of their authors, as well as ourselves. Friends, it is impossible to give all a chance in a week, aye, or in a score of them. Let not the authors of "accepted" articles despair if their "Positions" or Games do not suddenly appear; rest assured that all *such* are *kept by themselves*, and will "*positively* appear" from time to time, in such order as may seem best to *us*.

THE THEORY OF THE MOVE AND ITS CHANGES.—[Continued.]

BY JOHN PATTERSON, MATHEMATICIAN, 70 Abbotsford Place, Glasgow, Scotland.

From Anderson's Treatise.

At this stage, two rounds are finished, and the original arrangement of the pieces is reversed, together with the tactics of both parties. White can no longer compel the first Black King to discontinue play to avoid capture, but, on the contrary, by his next shift, he can force him to continue play, and to retire, so as to enable White to occupy the second diagonal with the whole of his forces. If Black now withdraw his other piece to square 32, the move will be again reversed; and White examining the position of his three pieces, and either of Black's, will find that the pieces thus reckoned, in each set are odd; while he can so dispose his pieces as to immediately enforce a mutual capture in the same diagonal line.—[To be continued.

CHALLENGE.

J. F. declines playing "Patricius" by mail, but will play him by telegraph for from one hundred dollars "to the top of their pile."

A CARD.

MARCH 4, 1858.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* Please ask J. F. if he has compared the dates of our letters mentioned in this week's CLIPPER. When I wrote mine, I had only his of Nov. 1st, 1857, to go by. Also, if he can show any draw for the sixth move of Defence, except 27 to 24.

Yours, NEMO.

A CARD.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 18, 1858.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* * * * Will Know Nothing be kind enough to analyze Game No. 98, new series, after Black's 17th move? Supposing it had been from 14 to 21, instead of 15 to 22, as given in the text, and forwarded to the CLIPPER, I believe that White would have made a quicker and surer road to victory by playing from 28 to 24 for his 10th move instead of 22 to 17 as laid down in the game. Will Know Nothing show whether I am right or not?

Yours truly, H. L.

A CARD.

LANCASTER, Feb. 20, 1858.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I have just received the CLIPPER, and observe that "Nemo" and "Patricius" are after me with their "ideers." Please to let them know that I shall attend to their observations, at an early date. The "Marengo," as it appears this week, can be drawn at the 21 to 17 move, by jumping the other way. If not thoroughly analyzed by J. McL., I shall lay the other variation before your readers from that stage. Instead of 24 to 19, (at the 9th move, I think,) 24 to 20 there wins without an "if." This was the compulsory variation intended once, but I considered the 6 to 10 move so poor that anything could win against it.

In "Harry's Whitter," I go with Anderson this time, and believe the 17 to 13 move lost for White. I certainly, for one, shall be happy to see Mr. Hull's analysis of the same; showing a draw. Once he accomplishes that, he may justly be termed the Philadelphia champion. To J. McL., I return my sincere thanks for his masterly variation on "New York Opening;" I lay no claim to its being a compulsory win for 2d side;* although I do most *emphatically* for the 2d side of what Anderson calls "Will O' the Wisp."

Yours, KNOW NOTHING.

* The draw shown clearly proved my assertion to be right, that 2d side had an even game.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. HULL, Philad'a.—"Nemo" wishes your address.

J. F., Philad'a.—As above.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—Your's likewise.

PATRICIUS, N. Y.—Solution of 197 correct. See 198, this week.

GREENHORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y.—Move on hand.

J. M., of Quincy.—Positions accepted.

NEMO, Princeton, N. J.—Your Card appears this week. Will publish a Position from you anon.

ACHILLES, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Many thanks for favors received. The "opening" referred to by you, viz:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..22 to 18	11 to 15	4..29 to 25	8 to 11
2..18 11	8 15	5..24 19 *	15 24
3..25 22	4 8	6..28 19; is "Single Corner,"	

and is formed by the first two moves.

* The move generally preferred is 23 to 19.

AMERICAN, Buffalo, N. Y.—That "first Position" appears at *last*. You will observe that your "match is on" with "the Devil." "May the best man win."

ROUGH AND READY, Buffalo.—Accepted.

N. GINE, Buffalo, N. Y.—"Laird and Lady," appears this week. Let us hear from you again. "Fire up," and "try your water."

J. MCL., N. Y.—We will publish your Game on Single Corner—perhaps next week. Take our advice, and do not indulge in ill feeling, or "clannishness." Let your strictures be free from personalities, and your efforts confined to the advancement of our game.

KNOW NOTHING, Lancaster, N. Y.—We have a game on Single Corner from J. McL., which we intend to publish soon. Keep a "look out." Anything instructive to our readers in the way of analyses, from either the above mentioned gentlemen or yourself, will find a place in our columns. Your last soon.

CLYDE, New York.—Your position appears this week.

LE DIABLE, New York.—We start you in the match with "American," this week.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 197.

NEW SERIES

BY BOND, OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..30 to 26		31 to 22		5..11 to 16		8 to 12	
2..23 18		22 15		6..16 19		4 8	
3..14 10		7 14		7..20 16,			
4.. 9 11		3 8 or A		and wins.			
		A					
4.		4 8		7.. 8 11		10 14	
5..11 4		3 7		8..11 15		13 17	
6.. 4 8		7 10		9..15 10, and wins.			

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 198.

NEW SERIES.

BY ACHILLES.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1.. 3 to 7		18 to 25		4..10 to 6		1 to 26	
2.. 7 11		13 22		5..27 32,			
3..21 17		14 21		and wins.			

GAME NO. 102.—NEW SERIES.

Respectfully dedicated to "Augustus" and "Woburn," and submitted for criticism to J. S., of Winchester.

BY N. GINE.

THE LAIRD AND LADY.

Black.		White.		Black.		White	
1..11 to 15		23 to 19		9.. 7 to 10		14 to 7	
2.. 8 11		22 17		10.. 3 10		31 26	
3.. 9 13		17 14		11.. 2 7		28 24 (a)	
4..10 17		21 14		12..18 23 (b)		27 18	
5..15 18		26 23		13..12 16		10 3	
6..13 17		19 15		14..10 28		3 10	
7.. 4 8		23 19		15.. 6 31 (c)			
8..17 21		24 20					

NOTES BY N. GINE.

(a) A good player would have moved 26 to 22, and had an easy draw. 'Tis strange, but none the less true, that common players sometimes accidentally play a game well.

(b) "Clear the track when the bell rings."

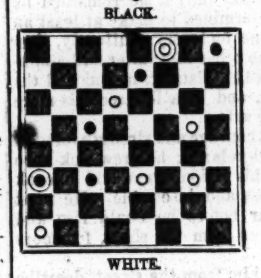
(c) "A horrible accident." "Who's to blame?"

POSITION NO. 199.

NEW SERIES.

By "Clyde."
"Omega."

BLACK.



WHITE.

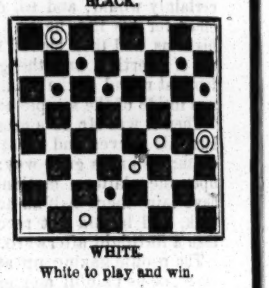
Black to play and win.

POSITION NO. 200.

NEW SERIES.

By "American."
"A trump for Lord Aberdeen."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.		White—A. F.	
12..11 16		18 15	
13..14 18			

BETWEEN P. W. AND GREENHORN.

Black—Greenhorn.		White—P. W.	
3.. 8 11		29 25	
4.. 4 8			

BETWEEN ON THE SQUARE AND PATRICIUS.

Black, Patricius.		White, On the Square.	
1..11 15		22 17	

BETWEEN CLYDE AND MACBETH.

White, Macbeth.		Black, Clyde.	
1..22 17		11 15	
2..25 22			

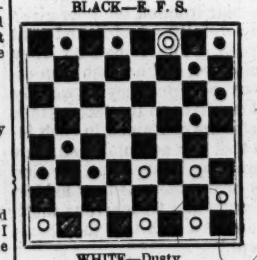
BETWEEN LE DIABLE AND AMERICAN.

Black, Le Diable.		White, American.	
1..11 15		23 19	
2.. 9 13		26 23	

MATCH GAME.

Between Dusty and E. F. S.

BLACK—E. F. S.



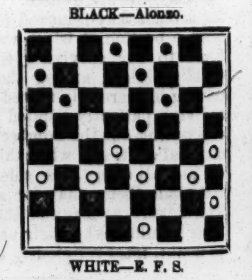
WHITE—Dusty.

Black to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Alonzo and E. F. S.

BLACK—Alonzo.



WHITE—E. F. S.

White to move.

AMUSEMENTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

Managers are all striving hard to pull through the "unwholesome" season of Lent with safety, but to some it is an uncommonly hard pull, notwithstanding the attractions offered are of a very taking nature. "Jessie Brown" has filled Wallack's another week, and some of the other theatres have taken the *cue*, and "followed suit." The Broadway, for instance, finding ring performances alone unproductive for a lengthy season, has at last announced a "new, grand, oriental spectacle," called "The Nena Sahib, or the Demon of Cawnpore," with a full stud of splendid horses, and the elephant Tippe Saib; and in order to have a night rehearsal the house was shut to outsiders on Monday evening. Mr. J. Canoll, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Prior, and others have been engaged for this piece. Another version of the revolt in India has been brought out at the National, and here the Sepoys are "ruthlessly slayed in myriads" to the infinite satisfaction of the "peanut eaters," and other frequenters of this east side establishment. Altogether, the "India fever" is upon us, and our diet has been changed from humble fare to copious dishes of blood! blood! Our sympathy for the supes who *do* the Sepoys increases according to the horrible manner in which they are butchered on the stage.

Tom Watson, the clown, arrived here last week, in a steamer from Liverpool. What Tom proposes to do, we have not been informed.

Burton has stolen a march upon Stuart and Bourcicault, and produced a new drama, called "The Mormons, or Life in Salt Lake City;" written, as the bill informs us, to "exhibit a practical view of the actual and exciting doings of the Mormons in their own homes—the policy of their rulers, their connection with the Indians, hostility to the federal government, the workings of their peculiar domestic institutions, sufferings of the numerous wives and children, public ceremonies, and private habits and manners, with an interesting story of American emigrants, and the assassination of the Danites." Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Mr. Burton, Mark Smith, Setchell, Barratt, etc., are in the cast. Bourcicault was getting up something of the kind for Wallack's, but Burton held a good hand, and led off, winning the game. Mr. E. L. Davenport's benefit took place on Monday evening.

From the "fuss" the Museum folks are making, we should not be surprised if Barnum was once more at the helm. There's some knowing hand behind the scenes, pulling the wires, etc., depend upon it, and if it is'nt the "great showman" himself, it's a pupil of the same, without doubt. "The Bride of an Evening," is the latest production, heralded to the "peoples" with that detestable style of advertising now becoming so popular with parties who have no ideas of their own.

Laura Keene, as usual, gives us another novelty, in the shape of Buckstone's thrilling drama of "The Flowers of the Forrest," which is cast to the strength of the company, including Messrs. H. A. Perry, H. F. Daly, Stoddart, Jefferson, Peters, etc., and Miss Laura Keene, Miss Polly Marshall, Virginia C. Howard, Miss Wells, and others. From the merits of the author, as well as from the abilities of the company, this piece will likely have a fair run. That it may be so, is our earnest desire.

Bryant's Minstrels have the field to themselves at present—Buckley's troupe having removed two or three weeks since, and Wood & Christy's company holding forth in the goodly City of Churches; this, however, only has the effect to make confusion worse confounded.

for it has been difficult to find room for their own patrons heretofore. This week they are giving that laughable burlesque, entitled "He would be an Actor," in which Dan and Jerry's comicalities are practically developed in a new light. Neil Bryant's benefit came off on Saturday evening last, when the usual revival gathering assembled to do honor to the beneficiare. Next Saturday evening, March 20, is set apart for the benefit of P. B. Isaacs, one of the most finished violinists in the minstrelsy business. It is hardly necessary to say that a fine bill of fare has been prepared for the occasion.

McKean Buchanan commenced an engagement at the Bowery on Monday evening last, as King Lear, to a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Buchanan's reception was extremely flattering, and his delineation of the difficult character of Lear called forth repeated bursts of heartfelt applause. He was supported by Mr. R. Johnston as Edgar, and the charming Alice Grey as Cordelia. Although this lady has but just come among us, she already bids fair to become an established favorite. *Our* "heart is *already* breaking for the love of Alice Grey."

Mr. Mellville took a benefit at the Broadway, on the 13th, on which occasion his wife made her first appearance here in an act of equestrianism. They have since left for Boston.

Little Ullman's anticipations regarding the success of the "Huguenots," were not realized, notwithstanding the vicinity of the Academy was "lighted up with pitch torches." The first and second nights of its representation, the attendance was only moderate; it was then deemed advisable to make a reduction in the prices of admission, which took effect on the 12th inst., and the result was an "immense house." So the manager will perceive that the public *did* mind the extra half dollar. It don't answer to put on too high a tariff in these days of revival, when it is as fashionable to attend church as to visit the opera, and at infinitely less expense. So the little fellow will please take note of the fact for his future guidance. We are soon to have "Musard," the great concert man, who gets things up on a gigantic scale, something like Jullien. The latter, by the by, threatens to run opposition here in September. Fry's "Leonora" follows the "Huguenots," ably supported, perhaps, for this time only, by the *Herald* man. That libel suit is not settled yet. What effect the reproduction of "Leonora" may have upon it, we shall soon know.

Burton's old theatre, in Chambers street, the scene of his many triumphs, and where he made money "hand over fist," to use a rather homely expression, has been leased by Uncle Sam, it is said, at a rental of $16,000 per annum. It will be converted into offices, courts, etc.

Lola Montez having pretty effectually settled Jobson's hash for him, is now turning her attention to the disciples of "lager bier unt pretzels." Lola has taken the Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery, near Bayard street, for a short spell, where she is lecturing the Dutch in English, while a Mrs. Hoym contributes to the sport by her delineations of "Lola Montez in Bavaria." We don't know what to make of this last dodge of the fair conqueror of "Her Majesty's dentist."

The authorship of the "Coup d'Etat," the new drama produced last week at Burton's, has not yet been claimed by any one, which fact gives unmistakable evidence that the play was not wholly successful. Let a play make a hit once, and a dozen different authors will claim it—be it a failure, and "there are *none* so 'poor' to do it reverence." We have understood that the critic of the *Herald* knows who is the author of the "Coup d'Etat," but that he disclaims all knowledge of the fact, at present. With a little pruning, etc., the play may succeed, and *then* we shall know the author.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

To Our Critical Friends.—We have received a reply to "Spectator," from "Spectator No. 2," and another letter in answer to "Amateur Critic" is promised by "Spectator No. 1," but as the principal parties have each had a hearing, we most respectfully decline having the controversy continued through our columns, for there seems to be a little feeling in the discussion that, we fear, will, if continued, make enemies of those we should prefer to see remain as friends.—Ed Clip.

Goodall Dramatic Club.—According to invitation, we attended at the Chinese Rooms on Monday evening, March 8th, to witness the powers of the above club in the "arts dramatic." When we arrived we found a nice little party present, many of them ladies, who would attend, notwithstanding the state of the weather. The opening piece, "The Magic Harp of Altenburg," was not altogether passable, and were it not for the good acting of Mr. Bilby and Miss St. Clair, it would have been a complete failure. Mr. Bilby's dying scene was exceedingly meritorious. Mr. Evans is too hurried in delivering his text, and turns his back to the audience rather more than is politic. The other impersonations failed to stand the test of criticism. We advise the members of this club to avoid coming before the curtain when called by a pack of boys; it is ridiculous in the extreme. This applies to all other clubs, as well as to the G. D. A.

We were forced to leave the Hall at the close of the first piece to attend a supper given by the Edwin Booth Club, at Military Hall, in the Bowery, to which we had been graciously invited. Among the events of the evening, the following toast was given by Mr. Everett: "The Clipper—its gallant commander, and the Amateur Critic," which we responded in a manner that our modesty prevents us from giving it in print. After making trouble with the good things spread before us, we departed in a state—well we were not in that state which would look creditable in a "Son of Temperance." The Booths are to blame, not us.

The benefit of Mr. S. M. Warren was a partial failure, which fault should not be attributed to the members of the G. L. Fox Dramatic Association, as the affair was independent of them. Had Mr. Warren placed the management of his business in the hands of the G. L. F. D. A., we dare say he would have met with better success. Messrs. Langdon and Cook, with Miss Davenport, were the cards of the night. These benefits among amateurs are "played out," and any club that desires to keep pace with the times should never engage in one, as their friends are entirely opposed to it; consequently, benefits turn out failures. We advise our amateur friends not to engage in such catchpenny affairs, as they are profitless, and, besides, a humbug.

Amateur Critic.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

We are taking position in the political world. Here's another of us in luck. At the recent election in Chicago, Levi J. North, of the Amphitheatre, was "up" for Alderman of the Third Ward. It was a tight little race, but Levi came out ahead, winning the heat and race by 24 majority. Actor people are beginning to look up, and the old line politicians don't exactly like the innovation. On the other hand, however, another one of us, "owing to some miscalculation," lost the chances. This was Frank Lumboard, of Lumboard's Empire Minstrels, at the Variety Concert Hall, formerly Emmett's Varieties. Frank went in for Clerk of the Recorder's Court, but not receiving the nomination, retired in good order, and effected a secure retreat. Better luck next time, perhaps, Frank.

Ramsey & Newcomb's Campbell Minstrels came pretty near getting into a hot place recently. On Saturday evening, 6th inst., while the company were performing at the People's Theatre, in Dubuque, a fire broke out under the stage, through some defect in the flues. The smoke was beginning to ooze out, and word was quietly given the troupe to "hurry up their cakes," which they did, and the audience left without knowing any thing about it. The company soon went to work, and cut away the floor, and then put water on the fire, and extinguished it, the stores underneath getting flooded with water. Mr. Andrews, one of the *attaches* of the company, is entitled to great praise for the manner in which he managed matters until the audience left the house. He it was that first discovered the fire, but by presence of mind he prevented what might have been a catastrophe. The troupe performed in Dubuque four nights to crowded houses, and then proceeded to Galena, Illinois, where they played last week. Fifty cents per ticket is the charge, and they are doing excellently well at that. J. H. Rainor, late of Sandford's troupe, has joined the Campbell's. R. M. Carroll, formerly of Buckley's, had been very sick, and was left behind a short spell—he has since recovered, however, and is now at his post again.

Charley Thorne opened the National, Boston, on the 15th, with Sloate & Shepherd's equestrian troupe. The ring is placed on the stage on the same plan as the Broadway. Among the company are Mr. James Mellville, the Australian "bare-back rider;" Madame Mellville; Miss Louise; Richard Hennings, great on the horse and tight rope; C. Shay, juggler; Messrs. Henkins, Foster, Aymar, Smith, Sylvester, Jackson, Bernard, &c. Fred Wilson and Sam Long are the clowns, and John Shay equestrian director. Now, we *do* hope friend Thorne may make a go of it, for his enterprise is deserving of success. Our Boston friends will find Mr. Mellville one of the most daring riders they have ever had amongst them.

The "Skeleton at the Feast," is the heading of an article in the Mobile *Tribune* on the triumph of Gazzaniga during her recent engagement in Havana. Says that journal, we gave a few days ago, some account of the enthusiasm in Havana at the benefit of Madame Gazzaniga. Other accounts represent it in more glowing colors. It was the most brilliant scenic triumph on record. *Ten* men were employed between every act in clearing the space between the foot lights and drop curtain of the accumulated garlands, chaplets, coronets, bracelets and the like that were showered upon the idol of the hour. Birds of brilliant plumage, bearing fanciful gifts, flew wildly about the theatre, frightened by the acclamation of the immense audience. Fair ladies, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, flung their costly jewels on the stage. Never before was such an ovation witnessed. We have heard and read many a homily on the vanity of human triumphs and the hollowness of earthly pomp; but seldom anything more impressive than the contrast between the brilliancy of the above scene and the announcement since made, that, on Ash-Wednesday—just fifteen days later—the husband of Gazzaniga died—died, too, the "bosom's lord" of a woman who had just received such homage as might have been given to an immortal—of one of the most loathsome of human disease—small pox!

Of the progress of events in Richmond, etc., "Gus" gives us the following items, under date of March 7:—"Sallie Sinclair opens on Monday, 8th. D. R Allen, 'Fly-by-night,' has left Savannah and his company for parts unknown. Mr. Padelford, owner of the theatre, gave the company the use of the building for one week, for their benefits; I believe they all made out pretty well. The press also gave the free use of their columns. On Thursday morning, our manager, Mr. Booth, and the Dramatic Company, gave a 'Matinee' for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Association. Among the many ladies and gents present, I saw Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie and her husband, the committee of the association, &c. The net proceeds were about $200. Our's is the first dramatic company who have played for the purchase of the 'Grave of Washington.' Where are our Native Americans now? The bill was 'Rough Diamond;' Mrs. C. W. Tayleure as Margery; Mr. Barron as Sir William; Mr. Parker (Joe the artist) as 'cousin Joe.' After which, the prince of composers of music played, with his talented orchestra, the 'Mount Vernon Overture.' Mrs. Phillips spoke a patriotic address; Misses Josephine and Julia Parker sang the duett, 'When a Little Farm we Keep.' The whole performance concluding with Shakespeare's comedy of 'Taming of the Shrew'—Petruchio, Mr. Booth; Katharina, Miss Devlin. Our *South*-ern editor is hard to please. Why is it? It must be because he has not been used to seeing good acting, and it has turned his brain. Good houses are the best evidences of a delighted community, are they not? P. S. On Saturday evening, after the performance, the Mount Vernon Association complimented and honored us with one of the most delightful champagne suppers I ever sat down to. From the foot lights to 'up in 0' was the table heavily laden with subetantials and sweet meats, ice creams, etc., in abundance. You can imagine the glittering scene—our splendid stage carpet down, and all the beautiful theatrical furniture, appointments, &c., displayed; everything passed off in the most delightful manner. Among the guests were Mr. Jackson, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia; Mr. Ritchie, of the Enquirer; Mr. McMurdur, President of the Central Railroad; Dr. Beale, and others whose names I do not know. The old veteran, Papa Porter, offered some appropriate toasts, which were heartily responded to. The health of Edwin Booth was proposed by Mr. Geo. Kunkel, and drank with the 'spirit' it merited. Take it all in all, it was a grand affair."

"Thespis" thus holds forth concerning matters and things in Boston:—"Mrs. Farren brought out a new play on Monday to a fair house; it is called 'Woman's Perils.' It is a very good thing, but wearisome, taking three hours and forty minutes to play it. Mrs. Farren is well liked by the Bostonians. * * * * There is no lack of patronage at the Bolton. The Ravels continue one week longer, and that to be 'the final,' so say the bills. * * * Mr. Charles Thorne opens the National on Monday, 15th inst., with Sloat & Sheppard's Circus Company. * * * The Howard has been playing to fair houses—the company is much liked. Mr. James Bennett appeared last Tuesday night in the character of Shylock to a good house. * * * * Lager bier saloons are springing up all around us. * * * They have had a flare up at Morris Brothers, Pell and Huntley's, which resulted in the latter leaving; so Mr. Trowbridge now takes his place; they are doing a fine business, and Dick Sliter increases in favor. * * * Ordway's is also doing a good business. Eph. Horn draws finely. Take it all in all they have got a fine company. * * * Uncle Tom is to be brought out at the Museum, where, you know, they can play as well as anywhere. Moses will have to stir himself up in order to compete with other places."

The annual meeting of the officers and subscribers to the "Royal General Theatrical Fund;" was held in the saloon of the Lyceum Theatre, London, on the 18th Feb. This Fund was incorporated Jan. 29th, 1853, and is for granting permanent pensions to actors, actresses, chorus singers, dancers, pantomimists, and prompters. The receipts during the past year were £1,330—expenditures, £891. Total balance on hand, £10,123. The "Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund" anniversary meeting took place on the same evening. During the proceedings, Mr. Mark Lemon, in proposing the "American Stage," made the following remark: I know it is unusual in public assemblies like this to address the ladies, and to consider them absent because they are silent, but I shall, if you please, say ladies and gentlemen. (Laughter.) The chairman of our festive board has very unexpectedly appointed me to a toast, and in the dry circumlocution style, because I know very little about it. It has never been my good fortune to cross the Atlantic, and as the toast I have to propose is the American Stage, I shall not trespass long upon your time. As merchants judge of the bulk by the sample, so may we judge of the sample which we have seen of our American friends. By my side sits a very splended specimen of an American *Paddy*, which is to be found at the Adelphi warehouse, where a lady of the same name is supposed to be (laughter), and (I believe so) a genuine specimen of the Yankee gal. (Increased laughter.) In America I am sorry to know that there are those who think unkindly of the stage, but there they have a noble defender—one whose words have reached this country—I allude to the Rev. Dr. Bellows. (Loud cheers.) It would be almost profane to say that it was the bellows that "blowed" everybody good. That seems to be his disposition. It is my pleasing duty to propose to you the "American Stage," connected with the names of the Rev. Dr. Bellows and Barney Williams.

The toast was drunk amid the most enthusiastic cheering, with three times three.

Mr. Barney Williams (who was received with great applause) responded. He said: Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I regret most sincerely that there is not some one present more competent of replying to the toast given than myself; but I fear it would be considered an omission on the other side of the water if I did not, as a representative of the American Drama, take the present opportunity of making a few remarks. You must not expect much, and in what I am about to say you will encounter no disappointment. It is a source of more than ordinary gratification for us to know that such a distinguished gentleman as the Rev. Dr. Bellows, without any solicitation whatever on the part of a single member belonging to the profession, has come forward in a powerful and eloquent defence of the Drama, a profession that has been most cruelly and shamefully belied, and that, too, by the very beings that should have protected it. Dr. Bellows has done much good, and it now remains for us to complete the work he has so nobly and fearlessly begun. If I mistake not, the Rev. gentleman, in his concluding remarks on the Drama, said he was confident he would incur much displeasure by his address, and receive great censure from the Church throughout the country. In this he was mistaken. It was with difficulty the number of his opponents was made plural. The principal one he came in contact with was a Mr. Cory, who, to my knowledge, failed to make his mark as an actor, although he had many years' practice and every opportunity given him at the old Bowery Theatre, then under the management of the late Thomas S. Hamblin. Mr. Cory, failing to obtain a living by a profession he was at the time so proud of, joined the church, where he has been up to the present time, and where, I hope, he is doing good service. In America—and it is with pride and pleasure I say it—actors are comparatively rich and independent. I do not exaggerate when I state that they are worth one million of pounds. It may sound fabulous, but nevertheless it is true. Now, if we were the worthless, intemperate members of society that our tutored traducers would make us, this fact alone would throw the calumny back from whence it came. But faultfinding with some is a disease that becomes chronic, and for the life of them they cannot get rid of the malady. Those who preach Christianity should remember that prejudice is the most corrosive venom the heart can breathe; and it is my opinion, and the opinion of all liberal-minded men, that it would vie more harmoniously with their teachings if they would desist from their unceasing abuses of a profession that has, and ever will be while legitimately conducted, productive of good.

Where are all the singing clubs? The challenge of the Monongahela Glee Club not having been accepted, the following offer is now made: We challenge the Vallee Glee Club, of Philadelphia, to sing such songs as they may select: or, challenge any Glee Club in New York to sing with us in Philadelphia. We will bear expenses of any club in New York to Philadelphia. We mean business. Any club wishing to accept this challenge, for $100, particularly the Vallee Glee Club, will answer to me through the Clipper stating what they propose to do. George Henry, Atty. for Monongahela G. C.

Where are the banjo players? Here's a call for them, made in good faith, and which it is hoped will have the effect of bringing out the champions:—To the Banjo Players in the World! The undersigned, wishing to settle a much controverted question relative to the merits of the different banjo performers now before the public, takes this method to ascertain who can justly be called the champion, and would assure every one that the offer is made in good faith:—Challenge to Banjo Players: The "champion banjo," recently awarded in New York, having, in my opinion, fallen into hands that I do not think are entitled to it, I hereby offer a wager of five hundred dollars that F. B. Convers, now attached to Peel's Campbell Minstrels, is a better and more skilful performer upon the banjo than any other performer now living anywhere. The money is ready at any time, at the office of this paper (the Clipper.) The only conditions I shall exact are, that the contest shall be decided upon the merits of the parties as banjo players, and the judgment to be made by six musicians.

Geo. W. Moore, Peel's Campbell Minstrels.

"Theatricals in Detroit," says a correspondent of March 8, "are below par at present. The National opened on Thursday last with a fair company, comprising Mr. and Mrs. Nourse, Mr. and Mrs. Rainford, Messrs. Dickenson, Hughes, Parker, etc. The "Stranger" and "Turning the Tables" were the pieces, and were creditably performed, but the audience was so thin that the management would not show another night. Concerts are better—Edward Berry, comic singer and Irish comedian, has been drawing crowded houses at Apollo Hall for four weeks. He leaves for New York city on the 15th inst., *en route* for California, to join Johnson's company, which is now permanently located in San Francisco." We are sorry to hear such a sorry account from our friends in Detroit, but, as a general thing, theatricals have not flourished very extensively anywhere this season. Let us hope for better things as the effects of the financial panic wear off.

Miss Mary Shaw, sister of Mrs. Hoey and Mrs. Charles Howard, has been engaged by Mrs. Barrow, for the Howard Athenæum. Miss Mary is to do the singing business. Our Boston friends will find her a pleasing actress, as well as singer.

Miss Maggie Mitchell took a benefit on the 12th inst., at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on which occasion Mr. Sam Glenn, the Teutonic tragedian, made his first appearance there, and proved conclusively, by his masterly delineation of the hero in his own version of Richard III., that King Dick was a Dutchman, Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding. Miss Maggie appeared as Naramattah, in the "Wept of Wish-ton-Wish."

Mrs. John Drew has selected the 19th, for her benefit at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, when Shakespeare's comedy of "Love's Labor Lost," is to be revived; and Mrs. D. P. Bowers will appear, for the first time, in Monk Lewis' great tragic monologue, called "The Maniac." We trust that the receipts of the evening will be such as to convince the fair beneficiare that she has not labored in vain.

Manager Forbes put his trust in Providence theatricals, but didn't make anything by the operation. He has now concluded to get out of the wilderness as quick as possible, and let Providence shift for herself in future. On the 11th, Mr. F. had a complimentary tendered him by some of the Providentials, and it turned out "a go," the house being crowded, the only good house, in fact, they have had there this season. Mr. John Gilbert appeared on the occasion, and, with Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, was honored (?) with a call.

The new drama, the "Declaration of Independence," produced at Wheatley's Arch Street, Philadelphia, met with success, and attracted large audiences during the week. While they are getting up patriotic dramas everywhere, showing how Johnny Bull and his "brither Scots" put the finishing touch on the Sepoys, we do not see why we should not have a real Yankee Doodle drama.

At the New National, Cincinnati, they have brought out a new version of Damon. It is called "The Merchant's Steed of Syracuse; or, The Friendship of Damon and Pytheas;" J. E. McDonough, as Damon; J. E. Nagle, as Pytheas; Frank Drew, as Adronicus; Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker, as Calanthe. The drama has been brought out under the direction of Mr. J. M. Foster.

The Christy Minstrels have been patronised so extensively since their appearance in London, that they have enlarged their Hall, and otherwise improved it. This looks as if they intended to remain in London for an indefinite period.

They have all sorts of shows in New Jersey as well as other places. In Newtown, on the 17th inst., a concert was given by the Harmoneons, one of the features of which was some "exquisite *whistling*," by a Mr. Wambold. Considering that New Jersey is without the pale of civilized society, we should not be surprised if this kind of thing "took" over there.

It is said that Mr. Lanergan intends trying on another season at St. John, N. B., in May next. Sothern has closed at Halifax.

Tom Thumb, who has not grown an inch in stature, nor a year in age since we first made his acquaintance, is holding levees in the great city of Dublin, and gathering in the "rich Irish brogue," and the "currency of the country," in all their perfection. The Dublinites look upon Tom as a "wee bit of a man."

A chap has been attempting to raise the wind at the expense of Lola Montez, but he got up too strong a breeze at Elmira, in New York State, where he advertised that the Countess would lecture on the 11th inst. Lola not appearing, however, the cheat was discovered before the hall was opened, and the impostor cut stick; the "infuriated populace" gave chase to the fugitive, caught him in the mountains, took him back to Elmira, and put him in "statu quo" in default of bail. Now, "wasn't that a pull back?" We move that the offending agent be handed over to the tender mercies of the lovely Countess. It will save costs, and be a more summary mode of disposing of him.

Mrs. Catharine Sinclair, having recovered from her protracted indisposition, was to have resumed her engagements, commencing at Edinburgh, on the 8th inst. Mr. Henry Sedley travels with her.

Billy Birch's Minstrels are said to be doing an excellent business at their Hall in St. Louis.

We don't think our sober and subdued looking friends, the Hutchinson family, will have a very exalted opinion of the State of Maine, in future. One night last week they gave a concert at Saccarappa, in that State. On returning to Portland, at the close of the performance, they were waylaid by a gang of Maniacs, and an attempt made to plunder them; without success, however. They must have been daring, indeed, to tackle the Hutchinsons, for their very appearance is enough to scare a feller in a lonesome place. Probably this may account for the failure of the marauders.

Tom Matthews, "the celebrated and legitimate clown," is giving an entertainment in the British provinces, called. "Reminiscences of Grimaldi." He is assisted by Miss Clara Matthews.

The New Orleans *Delta* thus lets loose at Mdlle. Christine, a dancing girl who has been showing off in that city recently:—"This danseuse manifests more zeal than discretion—more energy than grace—is a regular ranter—tears a dance into tatters; the 'poetry of her motion' is ratting doggrel." We'll wager a big apple that Miss Christine has "bluffed off" the Delta man in some way or other, and he takes this method to get even.

Miss Celia Logan, sister of Eliza, was married in Paris, Feb. 17, to M. K. Kellog, an artist. By the way, the report of the death of the mother of the Misses Logan is contradicted; it is stated, however, that she has become insane, which is almost as much to be deplored.

Harry Boleno, clown, and Madame Boleno, Columbine, took a benefit at Drury Lane, London, Feb 23d, when Mr. James Anderson and Miss Elsworthy appeared in the drama of "Clouds and Sunshine;" after which the clown gave his entertainment of Statuary, selected from Canova's great works, "lit up by the Lime Light;" "Little Jack Horner" was the wind-up. A rather "promiscuous" programme.

Miss Charlotte Cushman has been playing in Mobile, but on no occasion during the first week of her engagement, was there a full house to greet her. Perhaps "Meg Merrles" will fetch the Mobilians. It succeeded in New Orleans when her other delineations failed.

Chanfrau has been doing fairly in New Orleans.

Here's a movement that must create a revolution if persisted in—"The director-general of the Royal Theatres at Berlin has come to a decision that the ballet dancers shall for the future wear trousers and lengthen their dresses four inches." We object, Mr. Speaker, for the simple reason that by this threatened infringement, the grand point of attraction in dancing is entirely lost sight of. We don't mind four inches added to the skirts, but we decidedly object to the trousers. Happily, *our* ballet girls will not be affected by this tyrannical order.

Marston's Varieties Company performed in Randolph, Mass., several evenings last week, and were doing an excellent business, but a party of "revivalists" determined to take the bread out of the mouths of the actor people, and set to work a person of the "Aminidab Sleek" stamp, who soon managed to have the performances put an end to. If this is one of the lessons inculcated among the "meek and lowly" in *that* section of country, we trust that the operations of the "revivalists" of Randolph may be confined to themselves. Mr. E. W. Marston is a well-known comedian East, and has been exceedingly popular during the last five years in the principal cities and towns of New England. The members of his company are all regular actresses and actors, some of them having held prominent situations in several of the metropolitan theatres. We understand that the company will open in Haverhill, Mass., on Monday evening next.

Mrs. Sinclair is *not* about to be married after all. The music man, whose name was associated with her's in the arrangement, was rather too sharp for her, perhaps. So there is still an opening left for some other nice young man.

The manager of the Buffalo Theatre had a complimentary on the 10th inst. We believe the theatre is now closed.

The Ravels close their very successful engagement at the Boston Theatre, this week. Mr. Edwin Booth will succeed them, and will commence on Monday evening next. We hope he may meet a share of that patronage so liberally bestowed upon his predecessors.

Of the various concert saloons in Philadelphia, the Kossuth is said to be doing the best business.

Mrs. Gladstane, of the Boston Museum, has met with a sad loss in the death of her only child, who died on the 12th inst.

Thalberg and Vieux Temps are roundly berated by the press of Mobile, for announcing concerts in that city, which were not given, sickness of Thalberg being offered as an excuse. This is denied by the Mobilians, however. Holders of tickets have since had their money refunded.

The Ronzani Ballet Troupe were in New Orleans last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Connor played at Auburn, California, on the 13th and 15th Feb., to good houses. The company was bad.

Wherever there is a foothold to be had, there you will find the Yankees. By the last arrival from California, we have received files of Honolulu, Sandwich Island, papers, from which we learn that Rowe & Marshall's American Circus was announced to appear early in January. In the company, we find the names of Mr. James Hernandez, Young Raphael, Nat Austin, Clown and Jester; Mad. Austin, Master John Armstrong; Mr. Harry Adams, Scenic Rider; Mr. Geo. Peoples, general performer; Mr. J. A. Rowe, John R. Marshall; Madame Marshall; La Petit Tagliori, etc. Mr. Devani, the turn-yourself-inside-out man, was performing with Professor Risley, at the Royal Hawaiian Theatre. The professor had a complimentary benefit on the 2d January. Several gentlemen of Honolulu volunteered their services. Miss Anna Immel and Master Charles also appeared.

A new theatre, just erected in Columbia, California, by Mr. C. Cardinell, was opened for the first time on the 15th of February. Among those who assisted in the initial performance, which consisted of "The Soldier's Daughter," &c, were Md'lle. Duret, Miss Louisa Graves, the young California actress, Miss Lulu Sweet, (what a charming name,) Miss Sarah Graves, and Messrs. J. H. Levy, J. S. Potter, J. C. De Forrest, G. B. Waldron, J. W. Newcombe, G. Galloway, F. A. Stevens, and W. Percival.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood were still performing at Maguire's Opera House, California, to excellent houses.

Lee and Co.'s Circus was about to start on a tour through California. Bill Worrell is the clown.

Sanford has brought out "Richard 1 1 1, or the Battle of Bush Hill," at his opera house, in Philadelphia, Mr. Sanford doing the part of "Richard No. 3, one of the B'hoys."

Mrs. Mary Booth, the divorced wife of Junius Brutus Booth, died in Baltimore on the 9th inst. of disease of the heart. She was 55 years old.

Mr. Benoir Tourniaire, attached to the circus company of Nixon & Kemp, died near Indianapolis, Indiana, Monday night, 8th inst. He went to bed well about half-past ten, and died in twenty-five minutes—it is supposed, in an apoplectic fit. He was a brother of the celebrated female circus performer, Madame Tourniaire, and was engaged in the business of breaking horses for circus purposes.

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A BOND OFFERS FOR SALE HIS CELEBRATED HORSE DALTON, for $2000. He will warrant "Dalton" to pace half a mile in *one minute and ten seconds!* He is sound and kind, a powerful fleet roadster, and perfectly safe for either man, woman, or child to drive. As an instance of his docility, a little circumstance took place recently which we give—the wife of the owner, and another lady, were taking a ride behind Dalton, and, when a few miles from the city, Dalton going at the rate of 2:30, one of the traces became unfastened, letting down the shafts, which began to dangle about the legs of the animal. Dalton, as if by instinct, seemed to feel that all was not right, and at once held up, and waited until the harness had been properly arranged again, when he started off again at a 2:40 gait. This fact goes to prove Dalton one of the best family horses in existence. His owner has already been offered $1200 for him, but of course he refused the offer, his price being $2000, as stated above. Any person wishing a fast family horse, that is perfectly safe for any one to drive, will do well to take a look at Dalton, and try his speed, etc., in a drive with A. Bond, the owner, before purchasing.—Dover, N. H. 44-3 mos.

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Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, (1827,) Licentiate of the Hall, (1824,) and thirty years Resident Practitioner in London; Author of the "Guide to Health," "Green Book," "How to be Happy," "Memoirs of Single and Married Life," &c.

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FRENCH KUNDRUMS.

THE ONLY SURE, SAFE, AND DESIRABLE PREVENTAT

LIFE AND BATTLES OF
HENRY PEARCE,
SCIENTIFICALLY DENOMINATED
THE GAME CHICKEN,
(THE BROUGHTON OF HIS TIME,)

And one of the most heroic and humane CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND, who not only added fresh laurels to the title, but never *lost* that distinguished appellation, till it was wrested from him by that Conqueror of Conquerors—Death!

CONTINUED.

We are now arrived at that part of his life, when description must fall short, and the pen of the most brilliant writer fail in doing justice to the merits of the case, in which Pearce proved himself almost more than mortal. In the month of November, 1807, a fire broke out at Mrs. Denzill's, a silk-mercer, in Thomas street, Bristol, and the flames had made such rapid progress, that the servant of the house, a poor girl, who had retired to rest in the attic story, was nearly enveloped in flames before she awoke to behold her dreadful situation. Frantic with despair, she presents herself at the window imploring help—her screams pierce the hearts of the spectators, who appear rivetted with agony to the spot, expecting every moment her threatened destruction. But none move; all are petrified with fear and horror. At length, Pearce appears in the crowd; he saw the life of a human being in danger, and felt the necessity of an immediate rescue, or all must be lost. As if inspired with a god-like spirit, by the aid of the adjoining house, he reaches the parapet, and hanging over it, firmly grasps the wrists of the wretched girl—the multitude are lost in astonishment, and never did a more, if such an interesting moment present itself—hope, fear, and all the finer sensations of the mind are upon the utmost stretch in beholding the intrepidity of a man valuing no other consideration but that of delivering the object from its danger. The additional weight, added to the height, from the parapet, is almost too much for the nearly exhausted exertions of Pearce, his mind agitated with not being able to keep his equilibrium, but

"Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once."

And so it proved: his brave heart leaped within him, and with a noble effort (as if an instrument in the hands of Providence) he draws his trembling charge from the window, places her safe upon the parapet, and in an instant she out of all danger! Universal joy prevailed. The delighted and astonished multitudes were lost in the ecstasy of the plaudits—and the almost lifeless sufferer clinging round the knees of her deliverer, invoking blessings on his name. This was the happiest moment of Pearce's life. The shouts of victory, and the flattering praises that had so often attended him in the field of honor, were mere shadows to his feelings—compared with that of an approving conscience! Yet, this was the act of a pugilist! and one who had entered the field to obtain a purse of gold as a prize fighter. Yet in all those engagements, he had a choice left in leaving that ring whenever danger pointed out the necessity of withdrawing from it. But here was no gold to tempt him to risk his life, which was placed in the most imminent peril, and with scarcely a chance of success. The smallest deviation of balance must have precipitated him headlong to destruction, and no opportunity of retreating from the consequences. The gallant soldier in mounting the forlorn hope, and the hardy tar in boarding the ships of the enemy, are stimulated by a thirst of glory and love of country, that prompts them to those deeds of heroism; but Pearce was actuated by no other motive than that of feeling. Never did human nature appear with so much real grandeur and unaffected dignity—and that "recording angel" who dropped a tear and blotted out for ever an intemperate expression, we sincerely trust may be affected by the same sort of sympathy in obliterating the past deeds of a man, that when the book is opened, the name of Pearce shall stand free from imputation.

To the honor of the sporting world be it spoken, an immediate subscription was entered into to reward such unparalleled heroism; and soon afterwards the following effusion appeared in a Magazine peculiarly dedicated to that part of society:

"In Bristol city, while a house in flames
Fills the beholders with amazement dire,
A damsel at an upper window claims
Their utmost pity, for th' approaching fire—
Which every moment seems to gather near,
Nor hope of rescue does there aught appear.

"At length upon the neighb'ring house-top seen,
A gallant youth now hastens to her aid,
And o'er the fearful parapet does lean,
With spirit dauntless, to assist the maid;
Endow'd by Heaven with more than common might,
He grasps her arms, and draws her to the height.

"Oh! glorious act! Oh! courage well applied!
Oh! strength exerted in its proper cause!
Thy NAME, O PEARCE! be sounded far and wide,
Live, ever honor'd, midst the world's applause;
Be this thy triumph! know, ONE creature saved
Is greater glory than the world enslaved."

It was but a very short period after the above noble deed, that the Game Chicken again distinguished himself in rescuing one of the fair sex from insult and danger. In his way over Clifton-downs, near Bristol, Pearce perceived a young woman suffering much from the brutal attacks of three athletic men, game-keepers. The Chicken, regardless of the consequences, immediately remonstrated with them upon their unmanly conduct, when they instantly all fell upon him with the utmost fury; but the courage and science of Pearce soon made them severely repent of their temerity. The Chicken received the violence of his assailants with coolness and intrepidity, by rendering their attempts unavailing; but, in return, he so successfully planted his death-like hits upon their frames, that one of them, of the name of Hood, was so satisfied, in seven minutes, that he bolted, and left his companions to the care of Pearce. In a quarter of an hour, the Chicken so served out Morris and Francis, the other two, that he left them prostrate on the earth, begging for mercy. Thus was the Chicken once more successful, in proving himself a Champion for the fair sex. Morris, while Pearce was defending himself against Francis and Hood, gave the Chicken a most violent blow on his head, that produced a severe contusion.

Burke, after the retirement of Belcher, considered himself, or rather assumed the appellation of Champion; and, in justice to him, it might be observed, that, however deficient in science, his bottom was of the most unquestionable nature; and upon the whole he could be considered as no mean rival to contend with for victory. Upon the arrival of the Chicken in London, his pugilistic fame at Bristol rendered him an object of envy to Burke; and after enjoying a day's sport, in the old English manner, in the vicinity of Shooter's Hill, these two rivals first met, not under the most favorable impression towards each other. The amateurs, upon their return to town in the evening, having expressed an anxious desire to have an immediate appeal to the fist between the above heroes—the Chicken was called up out of bed, (at his lodgings in Wardour street, Soho,) and upon being made acquainted with the circumstance, agreed to it without the smallest hesitation! A room was selected for the occasion, well-lighted, and notice sent round to the amateurs that a trial of skill was to take place between the new Bristol youth and the celebrated glutton Burke. Numbers soon assembled, and, between the hours of eleven and twelve, the battle commenced. Burke's inferiority was soon discovered. His slow and round method of fighting failed in doing any execution when opposed to the rapid hits of his adversary; and his bottom only served him to receive uncommon punishment. The Chicken, aware of the gluttony of his opponent, lost no time in displaying the graces of the science, but put in his blows so hard and fast, that Burke soon exhibited signs of weakness. During a desperate contest of twenty minutes, in which fifteen rounds of tremendous milling took place, Burke evinced great courage, and endeavored to show some little science, by parrying off the blows of the Chicken, but the latter followed him up so straightforward, that it was impossible for Burke to resist the consequences; and he was levelled twice by the Chicken, from such tremendous hits, that he lay apparently dead. The two blows were allowed, by all present, to have been the most terrible that ever had been given. Burke was so dreadfully milled, that he could scarcely articulate; but yet had the candor to acknowledge, that he had never before experienced so prime a taste in all his life.

The amateurs were anxious for a second combat, and Burke flattered himself that a chance was still left, one hundred pounds was staked, and it was agreed that the winner should have ninety pounds and the loser ten. On Wimbledon-common, Monday, Januasy, 23, 1804, a ring was formed, and the battle fought. Burke was seconded by Owen, and Paddington Jones was his bottle-holder. Pearce had for his second Bill Gibbons, and Caleb Baldwin as his battle-holder. On stripping, in point of appearance Burke appeared the tallest. The odds were considerably in favor of the Chicken.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Considerable caution displayed upon both sides, Pearce fully aware of the impropriety of exposing himself too openly to superior strength—and Burke's recollection of his former milling had taught him not to be too precipitate; they closed before any blows were exchanged, and both fell. Two to one the Chicken wins.

2. Burke upon his mettle, game to the back-bone; he showed he was not to be disposed of easily, and fought like a hero; but the Chicken, awake to his intent, put in a stopper upon his forehead, that made him reel again, when the Chicken caught him staggering, and threw him.

3. Burke, although bleeding profusely, stood up well to his man, and a good display of hits was seen upon both sides, when Burke was thrown.

6. Chicken put in a blow, which Burke returned so well as to bring down Pearce on his knee.

7 to 11. Burke exceedingly shy of his opponent, always waiting for the hit of his antagonist—and suffered much from the repetition of his blows. From this to the

15, the Chicken was so much the favorite, that the odds were four to one upon him. It was manifest that Burke was not a match for his man: his style of fighting was considerably inferior to that of his opponent's, and he began to appear much distressed. The severe blows he received from the Chicken made him unruly and intemperate, and he was becoming fast an easy conquest to the

20. Burke's passion was now exhausting his strength—his nose bleeding considerably—and irritated in mind, that no chance offered of proving successful, he ran in furiously upon his opponent. His intemperance rendered him a complete object for punishment, and the Chicken milled him in every direction. Twenty to one the winner named; and even bets that Burke don't come again.

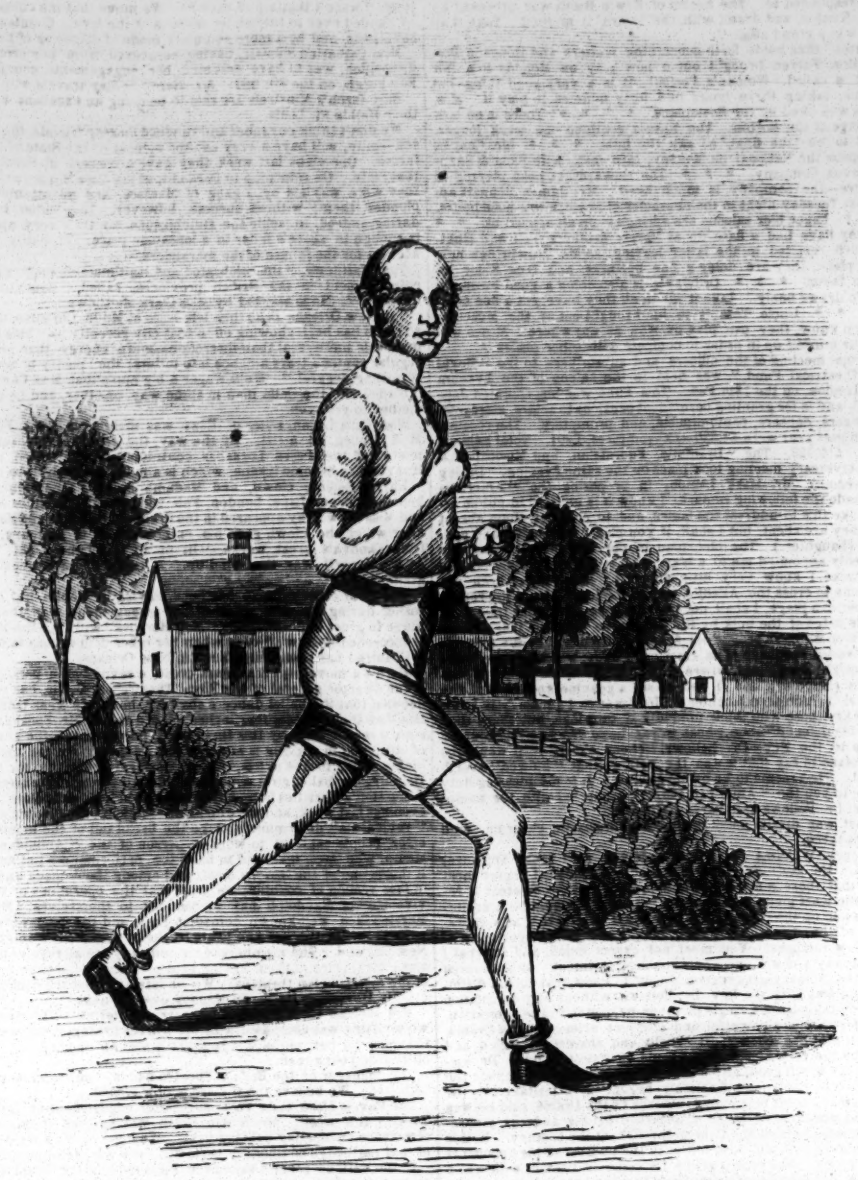
21. Passion uppermost, and Burke desperate in the extreme, and by running in headlong, missed putting in a hit, and fell; Pearce smiling at his want of prudence, and holding up both his hands in triumph.

22 A good rally, but Burke received a most tremendous leveller.

24, and last. Burke, still insensible to propriety, received a severe milling, when he gave it in.

Burke, as usual, displayed uncommon resolution, and, notwithstanding the persuasion of his friends, obstinately contested the battle for several rounds, when there was not the smallest degree of chance. He was compelled at last, after an hour and seventeen minutes, reluctantly to acknowledge that he was done. His aspect was truly woeful. The Chicken was as gay the last round as when he entered the ring, and challenged Bitton for two hundred guineas.

TO BE CONTINUED.



OLD SMITH, THE ENGLISH PEDESTRIAN.

Born in Ipswich, England. Age, 41. Height, 5 feet 4½ inches. Weight, 7 stone 7 lbs.

Beat Ben Wright, 20 miles, £50.——Won a Silver Cup value of £30, beating Westhall, Spooner, and Newman, distance 25 miles.——Beat William Newman, walking 7 miles and running 10 miles at one start, £50.——Beat J. Jones, 20 miles, £50.——Beaten by W. Spooner, 20 miles, for £200, Copenhagen Grounds, London.

WASHING HORSES.—In regard to the care of horses, Sir George Stephen says: Whenever it is necessary to wash a horse's legs, do it in the morning. Most grooms act on a different principle, wash them as soon as the animal comes in. I am satisfied this is a bad practice. When the roads are dirty, and the weather wet, and the legs being already soaked, washing can do no harm; but to deluge the legs with water, the moment a horse enters the yard, heated with exercise, is to my mind as unnatural and absurd, as to jump into a shower bath, after playing an hour at cricket. My plan is a rubbing down with a straw and a dry brush, and the next morning wash as clean as soap and water can make them. Pick and wash the soles as soon as the horse comes in.

WHY is a tight boot like a wind-mill? Because it grinds the corn.

ORIGIN OF THE MAZOURKA.

THIS beautiful dance is said to have originated as follows:—A certain lord duke, who has a very beauteous princess to wife, and as a matter of consequence, a very fair court; for all my lady's kindred, to the remotest degree of consanguinity, crowded to her levees in the hope of obtaining husbands and pensions. There was one material drawback to their happiness, and that was the duke didn't dance. None of the officers danced. In fact, no one danced at that court but the ladies themselves.

To make up for his want of dancing propensities, the duke had an ardent passion for the chase. Every morn at the break of dawn the ladies were awakened by the sound of the hunter's reveille. There was a tramping of horses, baying of hounds, jingling of hawk bells, and a confused clamor of men crying, "So la la!" to the dogs, and "hu ha, hu ah!" to the falcons, then off they all galloped, leaving the ladies to dance if they liked. When night came, the hunters returned all covered with mud, and if the report of the grooms might be relied on, they tumbled right off into bed, boots and all.

This sort of conduct was intolerable, as you might suppose. The Duchess herself soiled three pocket handkerchiefs and one slip of wondrous satin in weeping and praying the duke to sport a toe, were it but at one of her *reunions*. To *her* highness' delight *his* highness not only promised to attend that evening, with all his court, but even to furnish music! When this resolve of the duke's was known, wasn't there rejoicing in the ladies' department? O, no! perhaps not!

The assembly that night was a caution, if ever there was one in the dukedom. Nine o'clock passed, and the ladies began to fear that his Grace had forgotten, when hark! there struck up a concert of bugle horns in a well known hunting air, ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ta-ra, etcetear. At this moment the door opened, and there came rushing into the room the duke and his court, booted and spurred for the chase, and close at their heels followed a troop of dogs—five and fifty of them if there was a single!

Advancing to her Highness, his Grace caught her round the waist, his court following the example with other maidens, and round and round they whirled, beating time with the heels of their boots to the music ta-ra-ra-ta-ra-ra. Round and round they dashed while still the bugles kept playing ta-ra-ra, and the five-and-fifty canine outsiders pursuing their own tails and barked with excess of joy.

The scene was exciting. Round and round they went, stamping and whirling, the spurs of the cavalier making sad havoc with the ladies' dresses *d'illusion*, and other fabrics, even to guess at whose names would be a profanation. At length, wearied with their pirouetts, the hunters cast off their fair whirligig, and whirled themselves out of the room.

A long, shrill whistle caused the five and twenty canines to give mouth, and with a flourish of their candal appendages to dash through an open window, leaving the breathless maidens in a state to be easier imagined than described.

A meeting of the whole feminine world of japonicadum was immediately summoned, the princess in the chair. What happened at that meeting has never transpired, but the next day the duke and his court received a perfumed billet, requesting them to repeat the performance that evening, *without spurs*, which they did. And thus was invented that transcendent dance, that took Europe by storm, the Mazourka Hongroise.

A RICH SCENE.

THE following rich scene recently occurred in an American Court of Justice between the Judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rottordam:

Judge—"What's your native language?"

Witness—"I pe no native. I's a Dutchman!"

Judge—"What's your mother tongue?"

Witness—"Oh, fader says she be all tongue!"

Judge—(In an irritable tone.) "What language did you speak in the cradle?"

Witness—"I did not speak no language in de cradle at all; I only cried in dootch?"

Then there was a general laugh, in which the judge, jury, and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no farther about his language.

WHAT'S TRUMPS?

There are so many cards to play,
So many ways to choose,
In Love and Politics and War,
In forwarding our views.
With ladies fair and statesmen wise,
Or men of lesser bumps,
Before we lead our strongest suit
'Tis well to know what's trumps.

Once, worshipping at beauty's shrine,
I knelt in bondage sweet,
And breathed my vows with eagerness,
And offered at her feet
My soul, well stored with Cupid's wealth—
A love-cemented lump;
A king of diamonds won the trick—
My *heart* was not a trump.

Raving to see my rival win
Upon a single *rub*,
As he played the *deuce* with me,
I followed with a *club*.
Two days within a station-house,
Reflecting on my sin,
I found, as others may have done,
Clubs very seldom win.

Grown wise by sad experience,
I cease to *deal* with maids;
I *shuffled* youthful follies off,
And turned up Jack of Spades;
Yet still I find as "dust" is scarce,
And smaller grow the "lumps,"
That though the Spade's an honest card,
It is not always trumps.

But in a word of outside show,
Where mammom rules the throng;
To ease the little jolts of life,
And smoothly pass along—
To find an antidote for care,
And stern misfortune's thumps,
One card is very sure to win—
DIAMONDS are always trumps.

DEACON BARBERRY'S OLD CLOCK;

AND HOW YOUNG JOE GOT CAUGHT IN A TIGHT PLACE.

ABOUT half-past 11 o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue cloth, might have been seen entering Deacon Cephras Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed by the entire person of a live yankee attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed who thus burglariously won his way into the Deacon's kithen.

"Wonder how much the old Deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young gentleman. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders ars as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trowsers. Wonder if Sally'll come down?—The critter promised me; I'm afraid to move about here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' or nother and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polish bear here. O, here comes Sally."

The beauteous maiden descended, with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of lucifer matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made a rousing fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love ran not a whit smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it does elsewhere, and Joe, who was just making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the Deacon, her father, shouting from his chamber door:

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him its morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it truth, then," said Joe; and running to the old-fashioned clock that set in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock, and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman.

"It's five by the clock," said Sally; and corroborating her words, the old clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

"Good gracious! it's father!" exclaimed Sally.

"The Deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe. "Hide me, Sally!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he, "I'll squeeze into the clock-case."

And without another word, he concealed himself in the case and closed the door.

The Deacon was dressed, and seating himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and began deliberately to smoke.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, and then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better feed the critters fust?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No! smokin' clears my head, and wakes me up," replied the old Deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Bur-r-r-whiz-ding! ding! ding!—went the old clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the Deacon, starting up and dropping his pipe on the stove; "what'n arth's the matter?"

"It's only the clock striking five," replied Sally, tremulously.

Whing! ding! ding! ding! went the old clock furiously.

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the Deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and came plunging hastily down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what in the universe is the matter with the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. It's been a hundred years in the family, and it never carried on so afore."

"Whiz! ding! ding! whiz-z-z!" went the old clock again.

"It'll bust!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothin' left of it."

"It's bewitched!" said the Deacon, who retained a good old leaven of England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," said he, after a pause, advancing resolutely toward the clock. "I'll see what's going on in it."

"Oh, don't!" cried his daughter, seizing one of his coat tails, while his wife clung to the other. "Don't," chorused both the women together.

"Let go my raiment," shouted the old Deacon. "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."

But the women wouldn't let go; so the Deacon slipped out of his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily upon the floor, he pitched forward and seized the nob of the clock. But no human power could open it, for Joe was holding it from the inside with a death grasp.

The Deacon began to feel dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug, when an unearthly yell as a fiend in distress, burst from the inside; then the clock case pitched head foremost at the Deacon, fell on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its fair proportions. The current of air extinguished the lamp—the Deacon, the old lady, and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his escape in the same way in which he entered.

The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched, and although many believed his vision, yet some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, and hinted that the Deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vageries of the clock case existed only in a distempered imagination.

However, the interdict being taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the assent of the old people to his union with Sally; by repairing the old clock till it went as well as ever.